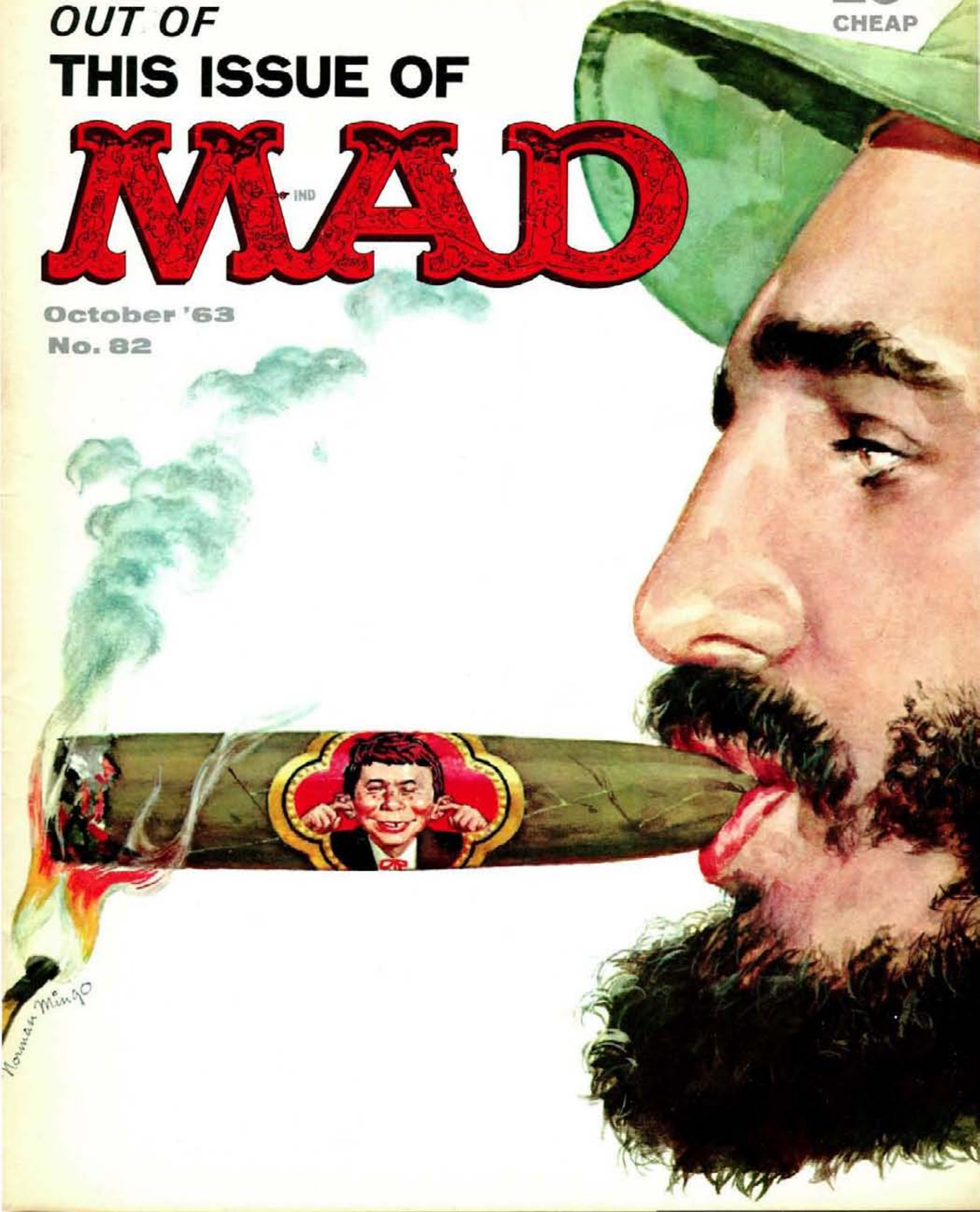
OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP

YOU'LL GET A BANG *OUT OF* THIS ISSUE OF MAD

IND

October '63

No. 82



Does this ad look blurred to you?

It should look blurred to you. Mainly because it really is blurred. We photographed it out of focus on purpose, and we're printing it exactly like this in millions of magazines all over the country.

Why are we doing this? So you'll strain your eyes to read it, that's why!

We're also running ads with blurred pictures—so you'll strain your eyes on them, too!

We figure if you strain your eyes bad enough on all our ads, you'll end up needing glasses. Pretty sneaky, eh?

Well, it was the best way we could think of to get you into our offices and shops so we could take you for plenty by overcharging for lenses and frames and eye-drops and like that. We, being all the greedy Optometrists & Oculists in the

Better Vision Business Assoc.

NUMBER 82 OCTOBER 1963

MAD

"Some minds are like concrete . . . all mixed up and permanently set!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—October 1963 Vol. 1, Number 82, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, New York. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions, 9 issues for $2.00 in the U.S. Elsewhere, $2.50. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective.

VITAL FEATURES



There was a time when a product really spoke for itself. Today, it spouts clever words in "Talking Ads"—and "talk is cheap."



Here's our version of the TV show devoted to the distaff side of medicine. Only we show dis staff a little more realistically.



MAD examines the development of several items and decides that "Progress" does not always result in that "Important Product"!



There are magazines about the personal lives of the movie stars. Why not one about "Comic Strip Stars"—who are much more human!



Dave Berg took an honest look at himself as a Parent, wrote this hilarious piece, and then made his kids run away from home.



Today, to own a swimming pool, you have to "float a loan." Then, when your neighbors see it, you'll never "float alone" again.

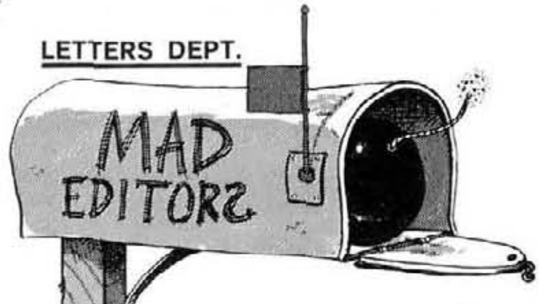


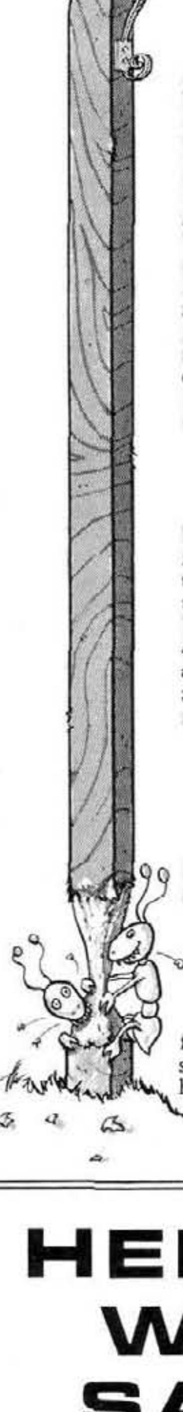
Looking for money-making ideas? Consider the **MAD** business ideas suggested in this article. Then go out and get an honest job.



Hitchcock, the master of macabre, introduces a new formula for horror films: Boy meets Gull—and once again feathers his nest.

LETTERS DEPT.





THANKS—NO THANKS

A magazine such as yours is a vital part of our free society. The satirists of our country (you are the best at this) point out its faults. That great statesman, Benjamin Franklin, did something similar under a pen name—Gabby Doesbad. He made jest of the evils of old Boston and helped to bring about changes there. Thomas Nast, a cartoonist, helped to smash New York's infamous Tweed Ring in the late 1800's. But you, MAD, do more than this. You not only mock our political shortcomings, but our social ones as well. Certainly, you cannot suddenly change our social habits, but you can at least point out its many faults. And in doing that, you deserve our thanks.

Nathan Katz
Camden, N. J.

You may think that writing such rubbish in a magazine is funny, but to me it's revolting. Kidding can go so far, and then it gets sickening. I have read your uncensored (it seems) magazine a number of times, and I can say it is without a *doubt the worst trash I have ever read.* I am looking forward to when your magazines are taken out of the country and never sold here again!

Steven Bruskin
Bethesda, Md.

EMPTY PRAISE

I just read your latest issue of MAD. Everything was tremendous, except the material between the first and last covers.

Bill Dufty
Kellerton, Iowa

MAD FOLLOWER

I loved your latest issue so much that I foolishly showed it to my mother. When she threatened to throw it out, I warned her that "where it goes, I go!"

Stanley Freedman
City Dump
Boston, Mass.

YOU CAN'T WIN

Generally, you turn out a wholesome, satirical magazine. Issue No. 80 (July) was not. Your last article, "The Tenth Hour" was a definite slap in the face of all patriotic Americans who still uphold the glorious image of that great Vice President and citizen, Richard Nixon. From now on, keep your biased prejudices to yourself!

Bobby Shapiro
Baltimore, Md.

I read your MAD Magazine because it offers many good laughs. You have a unique way of expressing the thoughts of the people and the passions of the times —on most subjects. Now, I ask you this: Lay off the White House! JFK is doing a damn good job! *Let him be!*

TSgt. G. M. Bravo
APO-283, New York, N. Y.

OVERSEAS AUDITION



Your mind-rotting trash is having its effect even over here in this forgotten land. Mainly, the Junior Class at Yamoto High School sponsored a talent show for students. We entered as "The Brothers MAD," singing "The Birch Hymn of the Republic" from your "Sing Along With MAD Song Book," and won!

"The Brothers MAD"
Tony Balentine
Jim Balentine
De Lutton
Charles Moy
Tachikawa, Japan

"BEST SELLER" COMMENT

"How a Best-Seller is Born" was just delicious in its rap at those insults to human intelligence, the photo-caption books ... especially "Who's in Charge Here?"—which is beneath contempt.

Gerry Gardner
Oradell, N. J.

That's pretty funny—coming from the author of "Who's in Charge Here?"—Ed.

MISERY IS A COLD HOT DOG

Having just devoured your July issue (No. 80), I must pause to shout "Bravo!" As usual, this issue brought much enjoyment with its clever handling of current topics. The "Misery" material is especially outstanding, perhaps even to the point of providing a most worthy companion to Charlie Schulz's original opus. I found that it stirred up the same poignant memories, and proved that most any childhood is a combination of both the bitter and the sweet.

Donald Clawson
Cincinnati, Ohio

About two weeks ago, I read for the first time "Happiness is a Warm Puppy." Thank you for your satirical follow-up. "Misery is a Cold Hot Dog" was just as touching.

Jennifer Jager
New Hope, Pa.

Your "Misery is a Cold Hot Dog" was magnificent. You have captured the true spirit of Childhood far better than the Charles Schulz "Happiness" book.

Marton and Norma David
San Francisco, Calif.

How about a deserving sequel to your gorgeous "Misery" called "Misery is a Cold Hot Dog *And* a Warm Coke" ... ? *Then you could include: "Misery is when* your piano teacher changes your lesson from Thursday night to Saturday afternoon!"

Ginny Gan
New York, N. Y.

"Misery is a Cold Hot Dog" was wonderful and nostalgic, but you left out one important "Misery," mainly: "Misery is a Gift Subscription to MAD!"

Tom Rasley
Spokane, Wash.

How about "Misery is reading all the letters that came in like the above"?—Ed.

Happiness is a Takeoff of "Happiness" in MAD Magazine. It was great! Misery is no Takeoff in MAD Magazine.

Charles Schulz
Sebastopol, Calif.

HERE WE GO WITH THE SAME OLD JAZZ



WIRE SCULPTURE BY ZAGGI

ABOUT FACE



All the kids at Jamaica High School love MAD. There is one request we would like to make. In issue 80 (July), on the back cover, you have an ad for "Lady Clinic Plastic Surgeons." In the top 3 pictures, there is a back view of a real girl. Could you please let us see her face?

Monte Abramson
Jamaica, N. Y.



Here she is. Her name is Kathy Combes. Incidentally, if you're interested, the ugly front view belongs to MAD writer Frank Jacobs.—Ed.

DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS

Thanks for putting the small pictures where the small print used to be. Now, we MAD fans who can't read small print can understand the marginals.

Robert Lasus
Providence, R. I.

Yeah, but what about all the MAD fans who can't read small pictures?—Ed.

MAD CHARACTER REFERENCE

I thought you might be interested in knowing the impression your magazine makes on the kids who read it. My six year old son called us in to see "the man *from MAD Magazine on TV!*" So we rushed in to have a look. It was President Kennedy!

A. Jodoin
Golden Ridge, Sask.

WAITING FOR THE PITCH

I am writing to inform you that I have had my subscription to MAD Magazine for over four months now, and you have not as yet warned, threatened, coaxed or otherwise tried to secure a renewal of this subscription; nor have you plied me with dozens of "special offers." My sincere gratitude and congratulations.

Jo Munck
Costa Mesa, Calif.

NO BASEBALL FAN, HE

With all sincerity, your article in the July issue, No. 80, called "The Baseball Primer" was excellent. It's good to see that there are some people who realize that our society is degenerating to a point where baseball, one of the dullest things ever, is called our "national pastime." Keep up the good work.

Marty Rosenberg
Far Rockaway, N. Y.

NO P.S. 193 IN BROOKLYN?

You guys are stark raving MAD. Any idiot knows that P.S. 193 is not in Brooklyn. It's in Whitestone, Queens.

Ed Schmall
Keesler AFB, Miss.

If it's not in Brooklyn, then your Editor, who went there, sure had a heckuva long walk every day!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 82, 850 Third Avenue
New York City 22, New York

WE'D LIKE TO NEEDLE YOU INTO BUYING



'Cause we know you'll get stuck on that ol' **black-and-white magic** of **MAD**'s *humor, satire and garbage!*

use coupon or duplicate

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

☐ PLEASE SEND ME "THE VOODOO MAD" ☐ I ENCLOSE 50c

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☐ **MAD** Strikes Back ☐ The Ides of **MAD**
☐ Inside **MAD** ☐ Fighting **MAD**
☐ *Utterly MAD* ☐ *The MAD Frontier*
☐ The Brothers MAD ☐ MAD In Orbit

I ENCLOSE 35c FOR EACH

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

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☐ The Son of **MAD** ☐ Don Martin Bounces Back
☐ The Organization **MAD**

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STATE__________

Check or money order only—**NO CASH** accepted
On orders outside U. S. A. add **10%** extra

MAINLY... SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

and get a-vun and-a two and-a t'ree —and-a four and-a five and-a six— and-a seven and-a eight and-a nine! **Nine issues for the price of eight, by mail!** *(Hey, who let that square accordion player in on this session?)*

use coupon or duplicate

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS

850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

I give up! All these subscription pitches have made me Dizzy, Gillespie! I enclose a-vun and-a two—**$2.00.** Please enter my name on your sub lists, and send the next nine issues of **MAD** by mail. **Now . . .** will somebody turn off that bubble machine—?

Outside U.S.A. $2.50. Please allow 8 weeks for subscriptions to be processed. Check or Money Order only—**no cash** accepted.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ZONE____STATE____

BIG BONUS OFFER

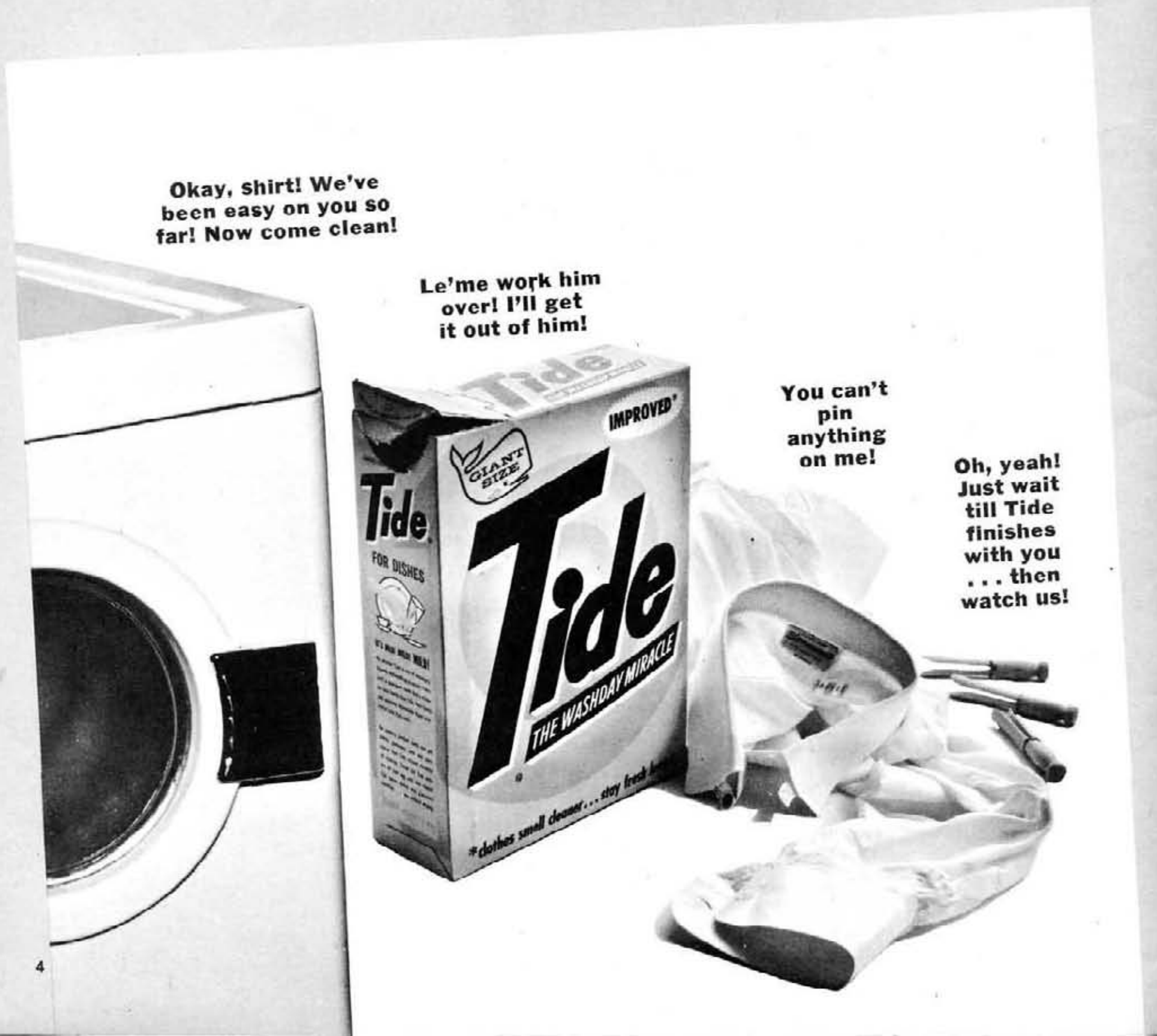


Yep, our Boss offered us a **big bonus** if we could come up with another of these ridiculous headlines to catch your eye— 'cause he's dying to get rid of all them *full-color portraits* of **Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?"** kid that we've got in stock. They're great for framing, or lining the bottoms of bird cages. Send **25c** for each (and quick, so he can pay us the bonus!) to **MAD,** Dept. **"What—Color!",** 850 Third Avenue, New York City 22, N. Y.

THE BLURBS IS COMING DEPT.

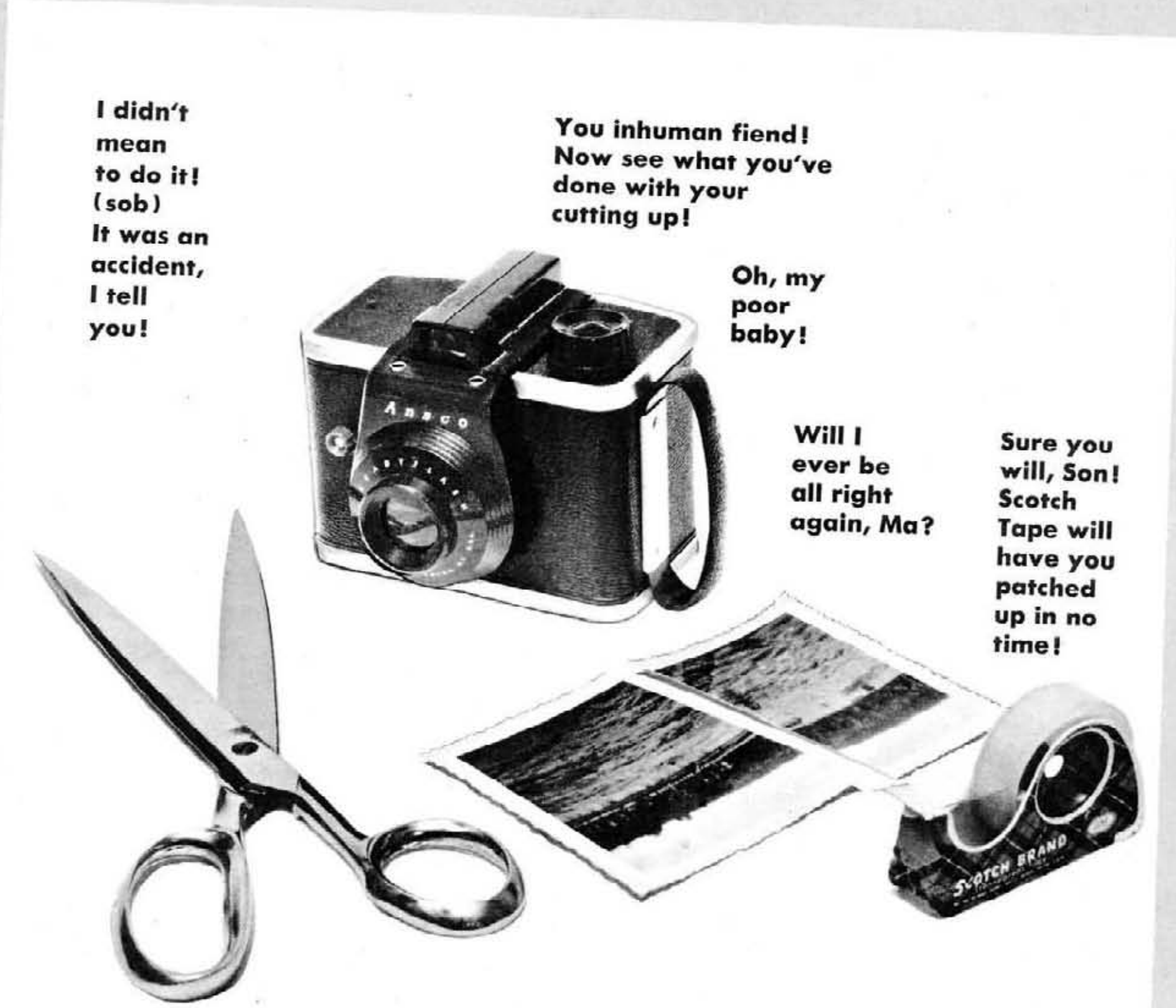


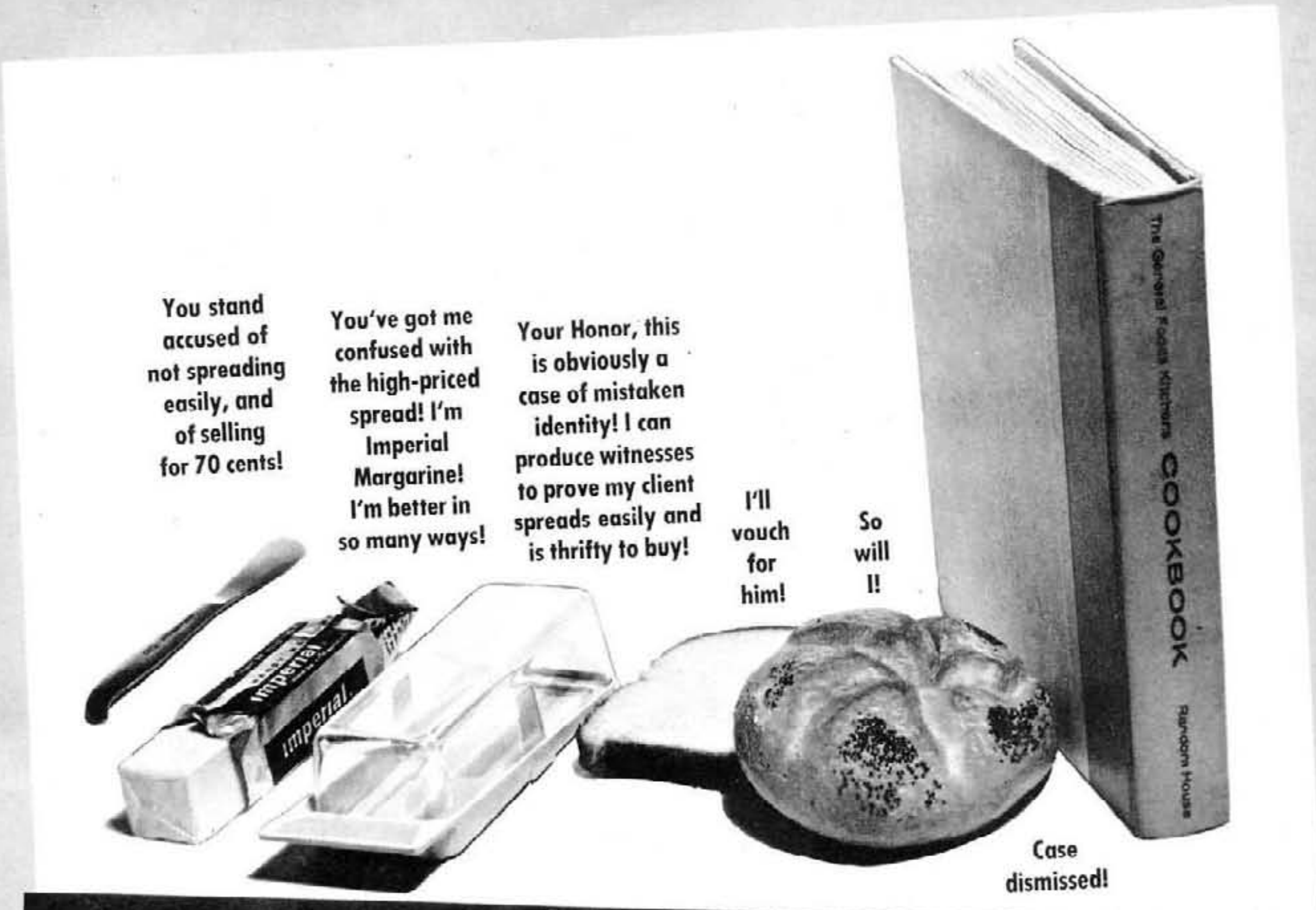
Recognize the advertisement on the left? It's the original "Talking Ad" — run by Wolfschmidt Vodka last year. Ever since we saw it, we've been worried sick about it. Mainly because, knowing how creative and original Madison Avenue is, we were *sure that other advertisers would soon* be hopping on the bandwagon. After all, if vodka bottles and tomatoes can talk, there's no reason why toothpaste tubes, cigarette packs and washday detergents couldn't do likewise . . . and before long we'd be seeing a whole rash of these . . .



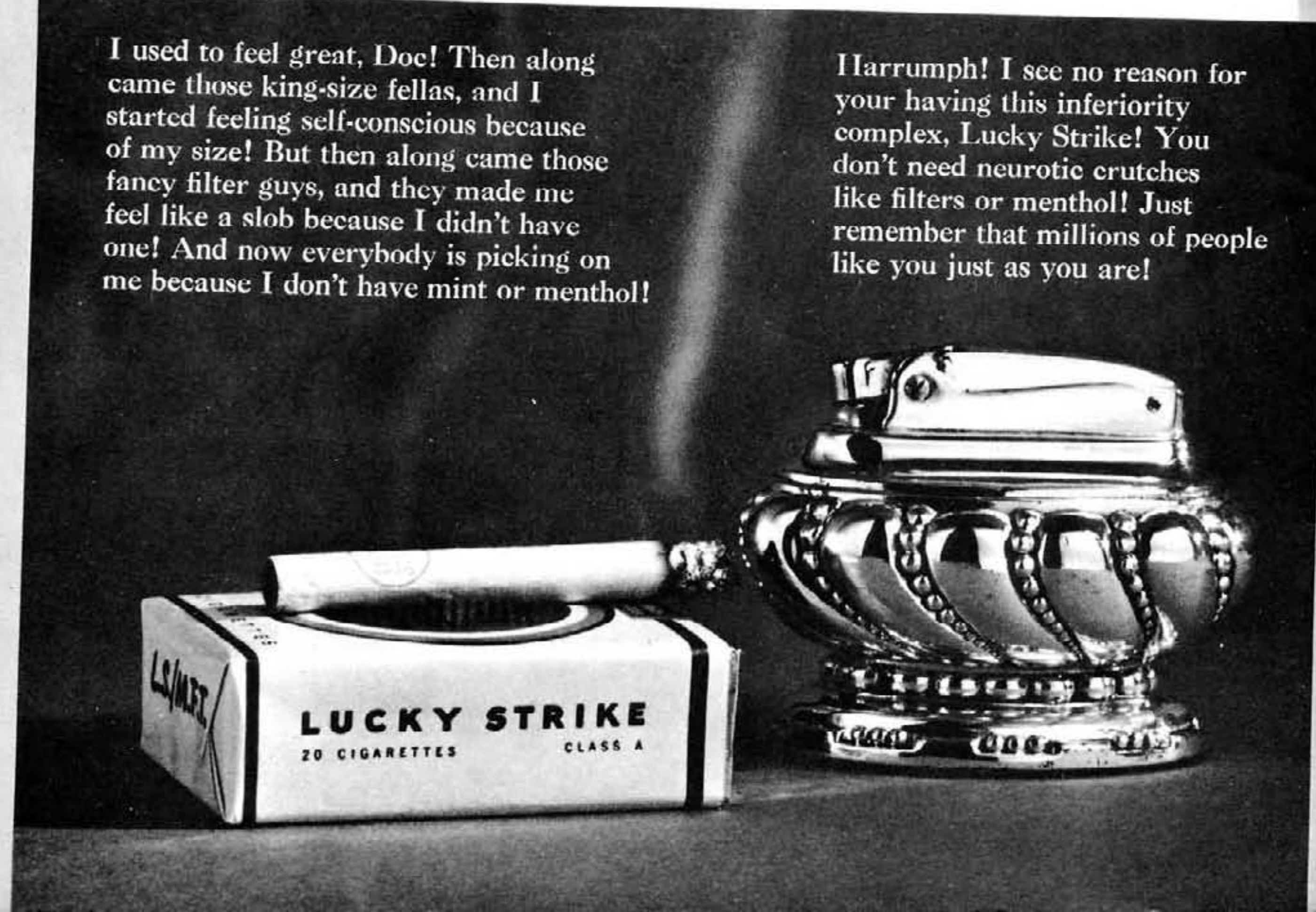
FUTURE TALKING ADS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS PHOTOS BY LESTER KRAUSS





You stand accused of not spreading easily, and of selling for 70 cents!
You've got me confused with the high-priced spread! I'm Imperial Margarine! I'm better in so many ways!
Your Honor, this is obviously a case of mistaken identity! I can produce witnesses to prove my client spreads easily and is thrifty to buy!
I'll vouch for him!
So will I!
Case dismissed!
imperial
The General Foods Kitchens COOKBOOK
Random House



I used to feel great, Doc! Then along came those king-size fellas, and I started feeling self-conscious because of my size! But then along came those fancy filter guys, and they made me feel like a slob because I didn't have one! And now everybody is picking on me because I don't have mint or menthol!
Harrumph! I see no reason for your having this inferiority complex, Lucky Strike! You don't need neurotic crutches like filters or menthol! Just remember that millions of people like you just as you are!
LS/MFT
LUCKY STRIKE
20 CIGARETTES
CLASS A

WARD HEALERS DEPT.

WHEN ABC ROCKED THE TELEVISION INDUSTRY WITH "BEN CASEY"—A NEW TV MEDICAL SERIES ABOUT AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG DOCTOR AND HIS ELDER, BUT WISER MENTOR, NBC, IN TYPICAL FOLLOW-THE-LEADER FASHION, RUSHED OUT "DR. KILDARE"— ITS OWN NEW TV MEDICAL SERIES ABOUT AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG DOCTOR AND HIS ELDER, BUT WISER MENTOR. BUT IT TOOK CBS TO PROVE THAT CREATIVITY IN TELEVISION WAS NOT DEAD BY COMING UP WITH AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT AND HIGHLY ORIGINAL TV MEDICAL SERIES—ABOUT AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG **NURSE** AND HER ELDER, BUT WISER MENTOR. HERE, THEN, IS MAD'S OWN VERSION OF . . .

THE NURTZES

STARRING **CHURL WRONGWAY** AS "LIZZ THROB", AND **ZITA EXHUME** AS "GALE LUCKLESS"



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART






I have a wonderful democratic idea! Oh, how proud Nurse Throb will be of me when I tell her what I have done!
. . . and so, I gave Mr. Bagel a transfusion with the blood of the "Boy From A Minority Group". Now Mr. Bagel will realize that he owes his life to the "Boy From A Minority Group", and he will adopt him, and they will live happily ever after . . .
I'm afraid not, Nurse Luckless!
But— why not?
They didn't have the same blood types!
VISITING HOURS ARE OVER!
Silly me! I forgot to check!
Don't be too hard on yourself! If you don't allow yourself to make mistakes—how will you learn?
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT PATIENT, NURSE!
GET BACK IN TRACTION!
Now, as we make rounds, Nurse Luckless, you will see that a hospital never sleeps!
And I don't mean the staff . . . I mean the patients!
Wake up, you! It's time for your sleeping pill!
Why, it's our "Special Guest Star", Mr. Nehemiah Perstop!
And how are we today, Mr. Perstop? Let's see— the intern took a sample of your blood at 6:30, the pathologist took a sample of your blood at 9:30, the resident took a sample of your blood at Noon, and the hemotologist took a sample of your blood at 3:30 . . .
And what did they find out!?
You've developed a sudden case of Anemia!
What's going on out there?
We have an "Ethical Problem" left over from last week's "Defenders"—should doctors try to save the life of a dying condemned murderer?
Why not let him die? The State is going to kill him anyway!
Besides, we're understaffed! I have four emergency calls I won't even be able to handle until after my coffee break!!


Shame on you! Shame on all of you; We're medical people—and our job is to heal not to judge! I'm going to put Nurse Luckless in charge of the patient!
That settles it!
End of Ethical Problem!
End of Patient!
Lousy bum takes the easy way out!!
Nurse Luckless, did you take the temperature in there?
Yes! It was 76 degrees!
I didn't mean the temperature of the room. I meant the patient!
So do I! That was it!
Well, I'll make a note of that! Now, let's relax and have a smoke!
No, thanks! I don't smoke!
Never say that! All TV doctors and nurses smoke! Cigarette companies love to sponsor medical shows because when the viewers see doctors smoking, they forget that cigarettes are harmful! One scene with Raymond Massey smoking cancels three Reader's Digest Reports. Haven't you noticed that in two years there hasn't been one single mention of lung cancer cases in any TV medical show hospital??
Mrs. Throb! Look at your call board!!
This is one of the most rewarding parts of a nurse's job. When a patient desperately needs your help, he pushes his nurse button, and that lights up his room number on this board. By ignoring them all, I've got lights in a perfect diagonal . . . and that means I've got "BINGO"! I Win!!
But room 788 is not lit!
Oh, he's too weak to press his button, so he counts as a "free space"!
764 765 766 767 768 769
771 773 774 775 776 777
778 779 781 782 783 784
785 786 787 788 789 790 791
792 793 794 795 797 798
799 800 801 802 803 805
806 807 808 809 810 811
Gee, Mrs. Throb . . . Nursing is so full of challenges! Tell me, what made you become a nurse?
I'll never forget it! Many years ago, I was forced to see suffering at first hand! I watched my mother in agony—my father in pain—my sister in torment —
—And you couldn't stand seeing them suffer?
No—I enjoyed seeing them suffer! So here I am!
DID YOU EVER SEE A HOSPITAL THAT COULDN'T AFFORD ELECTRICITY?
YOU'RE A NUT!
Why did you take up nursing?
Oh—everybody kept telling me I looked like Richard Chamberlain!


By the way— who's operating today?
Our "Special Special Guest Star", George C. Scottie! There's a lot of dramatic suspense and tension connected with this operation. There seems to be some doubt it will be successful!
Doctor Scottie is worried?
No—the patient is worried! You see, Dr. Scottie just found out that if the operation is successful, Mrs. Scottie plans to run off with the patient!
Oh—but because Dr. Scottie places duty before love, his wife goes back to him!
No—because he places duty before love is why his wife left him in the first place!
As a scrub nurse, you will assist the doctor. When he asks for an instrument, you must slap it firmly in his hand. This is done for two reasons: First, so he can get a good grasp on it; and Second, it makes a very dramatic sound on TV!
Scalpel!
YEEOWWW!
The handle first, idiot— not the blade!
The latest operating theory is to get the patient on his feet as soon as possible!
But not so soon! I'm not finished stitching him up!
Ready? All right! Race you to your room—!!
Here is our "Extra-Special Special Guest Star", Miss Dina Peril! Her problem is that she has money—and you know that anyone with money on a show like this is usually in real trouble . . . like she has an incurable disease and all her money can't help her! That's why we must be very kind and very sympathetic to her!
Good morning, Miss Kelly
I'm not Miss Kelly! I'm Miss Schwartz!
How's your throat today?
It's not my throat! It's my appendix!
HELLO DERE!
Glad you're not having any pain!
But I am! My side is killing me!
Good sign! Anything else you wish?
In this place? I wish I were dead!!
I'll have Miss Luckless arrange it!



Here is our "Also Starring Guest Star", Conrad Navel! Mr. Navel is all alone in the world with no one to look after him. He feels that he's useless, and there is no reason to live. We must give him a reason to live, but up to now, I couldn't think of one!
I wanted to will my body to science, but even they don't want me!
I will nurse you back to health, Mr. Navel!
WE HAVE COLD CUTS FOR LUNCH TODAY!
By the way, Nurse Throb, what's wrong with him?
He has food poisoning!
How did he get it?
Eating our hospital food! How else!? He came in with a hangnail!
I'm just a rapidly shriveling old man! I've lost all hope that somewhere in this world there may be a rapidly shriveling old woman for me!!
Now just stop feeling sorry for yourself! If you want to feel sorry for someone, feel sorry for us nurses! We have to smile when we're miserable. We have to cater to your every whim! We don't ask for thanks! We don't ask for big salaries! We just want to be of service! That makes us feel wanted! It gives our life beauty and shape and purpose!
Well, Doctor! Have you heard enough?
More than enough! This person is obviously completely out of contact with reality. She has constructed a fantasy world, and now believes in it! Who ever heard of the kind of nurse that she describes!
Shock treatment should bring her back to her senses!
Good! But hurry, Doctor! There isn't a moment to lose! We need her back to show the "one minute of exciting scenes from Next Week's show!"
Next week, be sure to see "The Nurtzes" . . . as young Gale Luckless returns from her shock treatments to reality . . .
But, I . . . I've been ringing for 20 minutes!
Do you think you're the only patient on this floor!? I've got only two hands! What could be more important than my coffee break!?
Well, Mrs. Throb . . . ?
You certainly did it, Doctor! Miss Luckless is now a typical efficient nurse!!
UNDER CONSTRUCTION

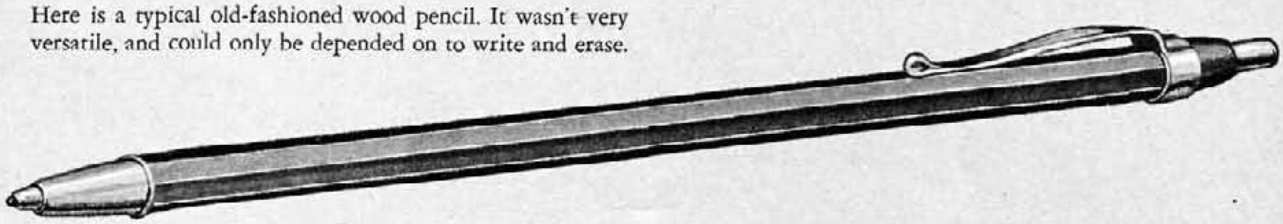
PATENT PANNING DEPT.

Because progress brings change, and changes are always supposed to be for the better, Man sometimes forgets to look back to see exactly how far he has progressed, and from where. Which is exactly what this article is all about. And so here we go with . . .

MAD'S REPORT



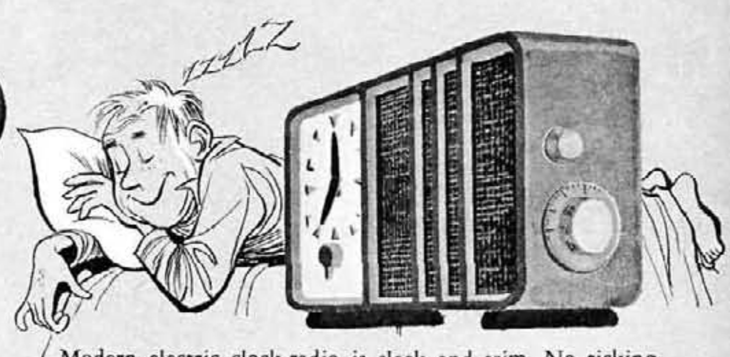
Here is a typical old-fashioned wood pencil. It wasn't very versatile, and could only be depended on to write and erase.



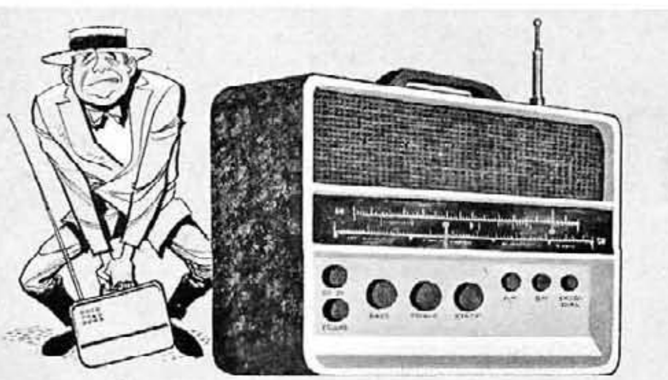
Man put his ingenious mind to work in an effort to improve the pencil, and today we have the miracle known as "liquid lead." Unlike its predecessor, this versatile "liquid lead" pencil not only writes, it skips, leaks, jams and runs dry.



Old alarm clock was ugly, had to be wound, ticked loudly, rang harshly. Blasted awake, sleeper did not feel rested.



Modern electric clock-radio is sleek and trim. No ticking bothers sleeper. When it's time to get up, gentle soothing music plays. Sleeper wakes up rested, mainly because that soothing music puts him back to sleep for an extra 7 hours.



Old portable radios were heavy and bulky, could only boast of fine tone and rugged, complicated hand-wired circuits.

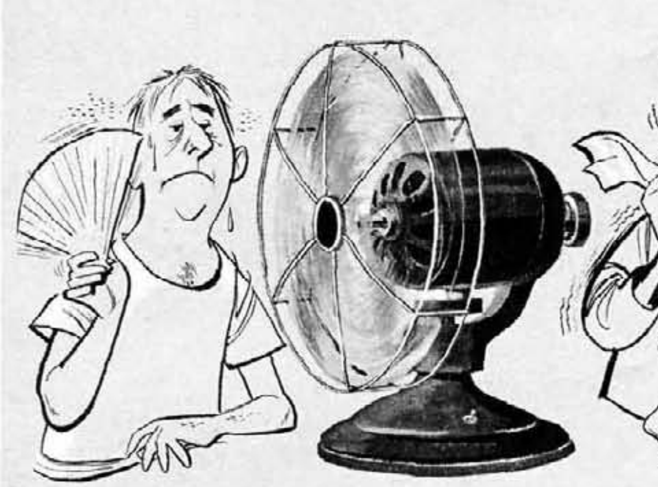


Modern tiny transistor portable radio slips into a shirt pocket easily. Also slips out easily, especially when you bend over. But printed circuits are a breeze to repair. You merely replace whole insides. This costs more than a brand new radio. One-inch hi-fi speaker has unusual tone. Tinny.



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

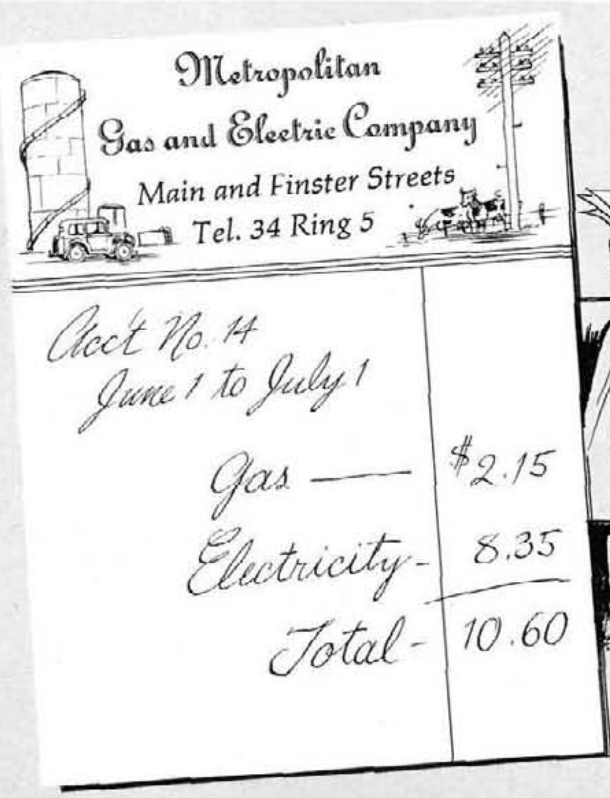
ON PROGRESS

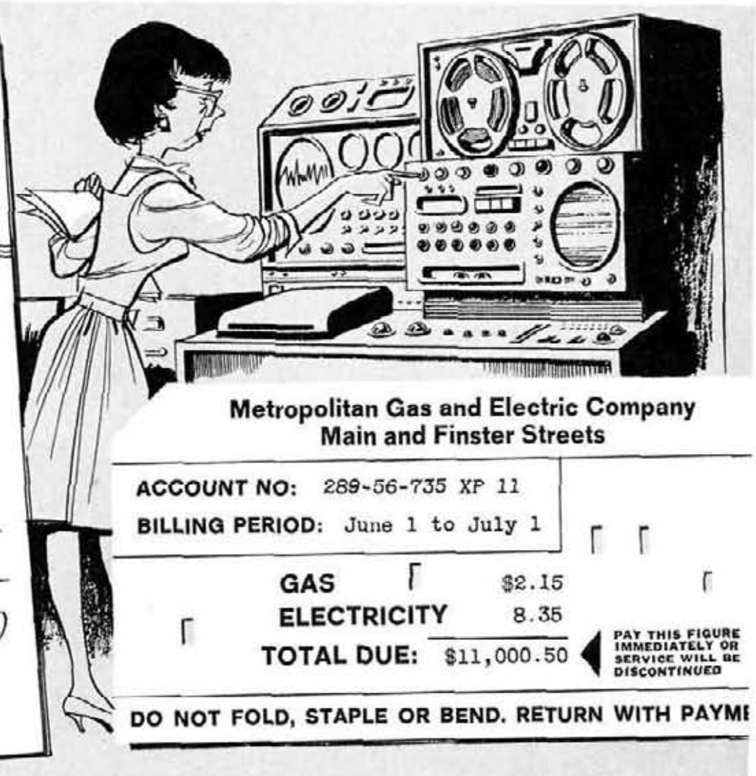




Electric fan of yesterday, even though electrified, could only circulate "hot" air, and gave no relief to hay fever.

The modern air conditioner actually "cools" hot air, then circulates it. In addition, it also dehumidifies and even filters the air. It stops hay fever . . . starts pneumonia.





In days gone by, monthly bills and statements were figured mentally and written by hand. Petty errors were often made.

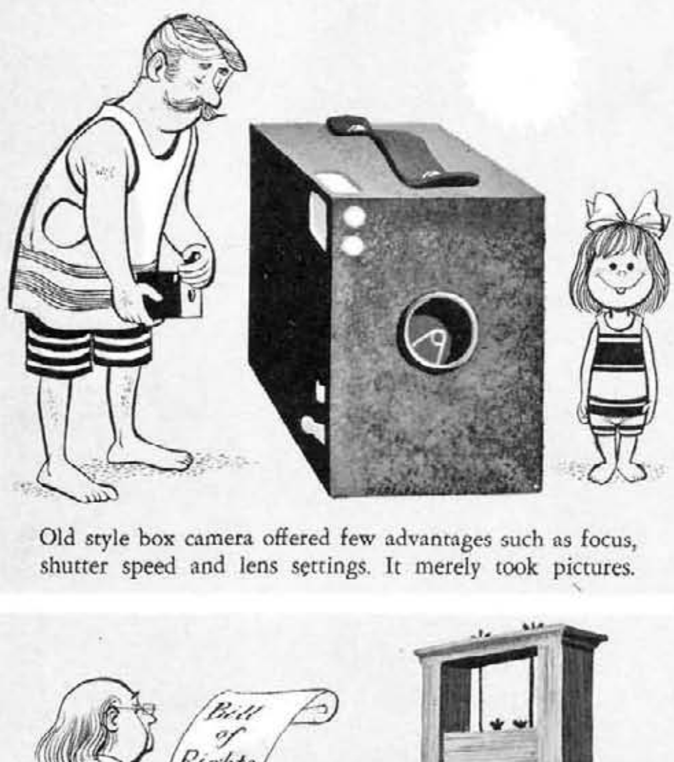
Modern billing machines electronically calculate and print monthly statements. Petty errors have been eliminated. Now *major* errors are made—usually running into the thousands.



Old fashioned manually-operated typewriter was awkward in use—held down speed of even the most experienced typists.



Modern high-speed electric typewriter is the answer to any typist's dream. Now, even a novice can use it to type 80, 90, even 100 errors and strike-overs a XXXX XXXX minute.



Old style box camera offered few advantages such as focus, shutter speed and lens settings. It merely took pictures.



Modern camera offers many advantages. Amateur photo bugs can now ruin pictures with over 400 wrong settings, and professionals can discover many additional wrong settings.

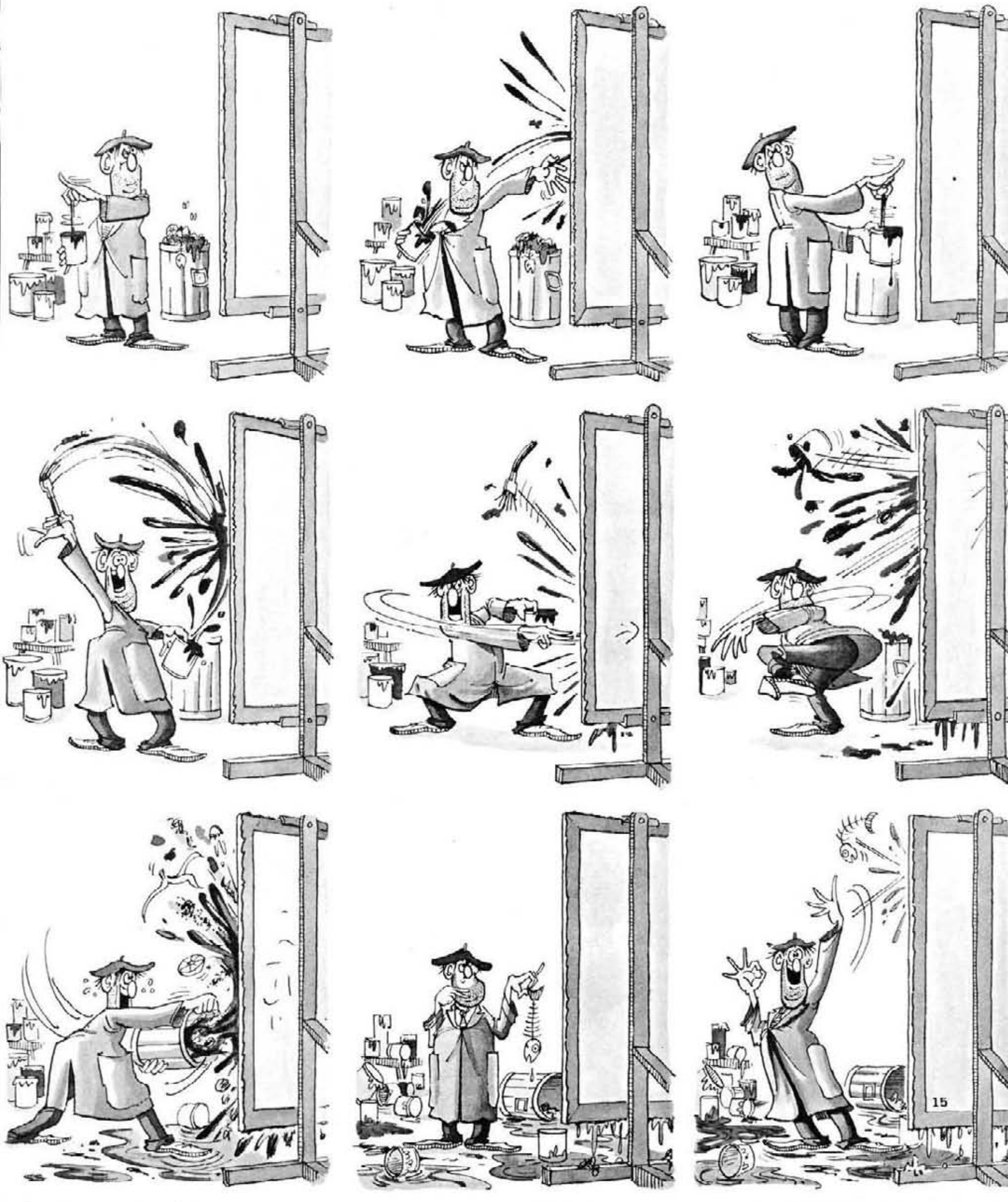


Old fashioned printing press could only reproduce one page at a time. Many famous works were printed on such presses.



Modern-day printing press turns out thousands of pages per second. Printing methods have progressed a long way—but we seem to be moving ever backward in the *things* we print.

THE MASTERPIECE




16
D. MARTIN

FUNNIES ARE PEOPLE DEPT.

TODAY, THERE ARE FAN MAGAZINES FOR PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY. MOVIE FANS HAVE MAGAZINES LIKE "*MODERN SCREEN*," TV FANS HAVE MAGAZINES LIKE "*TV GUIDE*," AND ROCK 'N' ROLL FANS HAVE MAGAZINES LIKE "*THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY*." BUT THERE'S A GROUP OF FANS THE MAGAZINE INDUSTRY HAS FORGOTTEN — MAINLY THE FANS THAT GO WILD FOR "*THE COMICS*." WHY NOT A FAN MAGAZINE FOR THEM, LIKE:



ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD   WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS & E. NELSON BRIDWELL

GLOSSY PIN-UPS

8 x 10 PHOTOS OF YOUR FAVORITE COMIC STRIP BEAUTIES

ANY 5 FOR $1.00



SEND FOR ANY FIVE OF THE FOLLOWING COMIC SWEETIES AND RECEIVE A FREE PIN-UP OF GORGEOUS PRINCE VALIANT!!

Daisy Mae • Miss Mizzou • Mary Perkins
Eve Jones • Honey Dorian • Long Sam
Miss Lace • The Dragon Lady • Nancy

COMICLAND PIN-UPS

DEPT. WOW-WEE, HOO-HAH, N. Y.

I enclose $1.00. Please send me photos of the 5 comic strip pin-up gals I've circled above—plus my free bonus photo of Prince Val, the sexiest pin-up of all.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ______

COMICLAND



VOL. 1 NO. 1 AUGUST, 1963

IN THIS ISSUE

Articles

Features

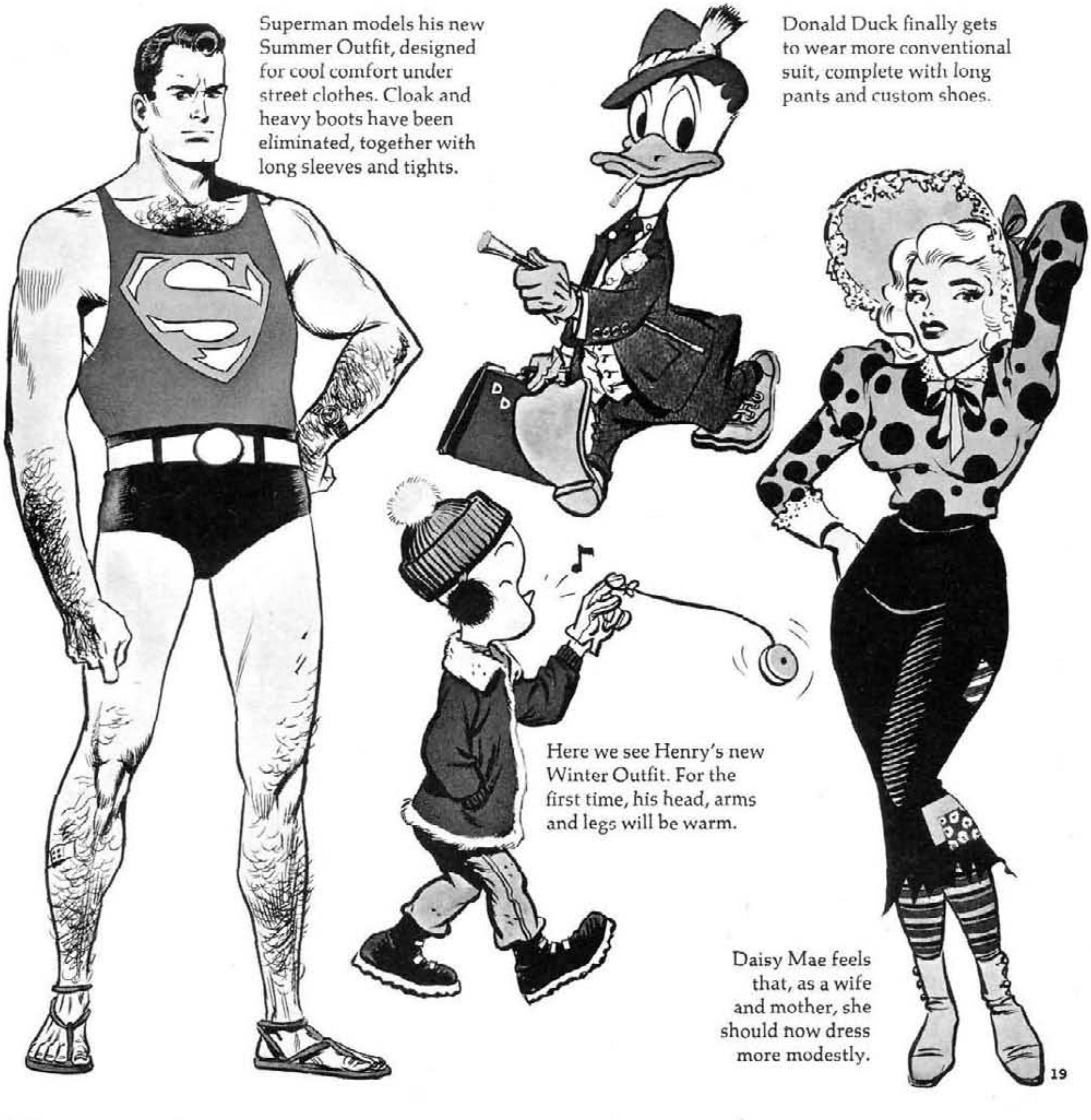
Editorials

Exclusives

Fashions

Comic Characters To Fight For Seasonal Costumes

For years now, many comic costumes have been standardized so that while some characters sweltered in Summer, others froze in Winter. With the new contracts between the Comic Characters Union and the Comic Strip Syndicates coming up, the Union will demand that this – plus other intolerable conditions – be corrected . . . with costumes like these . . .



Superman models his new Summer Outfit, designed for cool comfort under street clothes. Cloak and heavy boots have been eliminated, together with long sleeves and tights.

Donald Duck finally gets to wear more conventional suit, complete with long pants and custom shoes.

Here we see Henry's new Winter Outfit. For the first time, his head, arms and legs will be warm.

Daisy Mae feels that, as a wife and mother, she should now dress more modestly.

The Inquiring Photographer

This month's Question: What do you want to be when you grow up?

(Asked of Comic Strip Children)



NANCY: I suppose I'll grow up and marry Sluggo, and we'll settle down in another stupid strip, like maybe a "married-couple-situation-comedy-type."



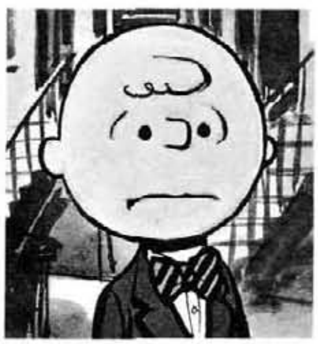
SMITTY: By the time I have grown up, I'll have bought up enough shares of stock to gain full control of Mr. Bailey's company. Then, I'm gonna throw the old coot out on his ear!



DONDI: I want to grow up and be a Politician so I can start "viewing with alarm" and kick this "Pollyanna" bit. And I'd better grow up! It's a little ridiculous for a seven-year-old to still remember World War II!



ALEXANDER BUMSTEAD: Well, I'll tell you what *I don't* want to be. I don't want to have to run for busses, work for a mean-tempered old boss, and lead a hen-pecked life at home. No, I think I prefer to remain a teenager—and at the rate Chic Young is aging me in the strip, it looks like I will!



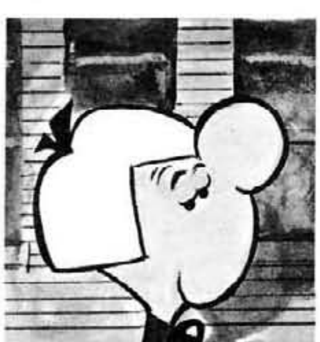
CHARLIE BROWN: Actually, for all practical purposes, I *am* grown up! I speak like a grown-up, and I have grown-up reactions to the grown-up problems and grown-up situations reflected in my strip. But to answer your question — I think I'd like to be a fireman!



LITTLE LULU: The Advertising Account Executive for "Kleenex" has promised that they'll never forget me, once I've grown too old to do their ads. But I'm playing it safe anyhow. I've just signed a contract for the future—with Maidenform Bras.



KAYO MULLINS: When I grow up there will still be plenty of good jobs around, so I'm sure I will have no trouble finding work to be out of!



MARCIA MASON: I expect no important changes in my life. I want to continue to be the most beautiful, intelligent, and important person alive.



JUNIOR TRACY: I'd like to quit as a performer, and then become a cartoonist for this very strip. I can *already* draw lots better than Chester Gould.

Let's Get The Commies Out Of The Comics!

by Oliver (Daddy) Warbucks

THE COMIC STRIP business has been infiltrated by enemies of America! I say this emphatically, and with conviction—because I hold in my hands the names of 87 card-carrying Communists now working as characters in our beloved newspaper funnies. I have proof that each of these 105 "Reds" is out to destroy the comic strip world. We must rid ourselves of these 156 traitors before it is too late. For only when we eliminate all 213 of them can we return to the days of good clean decent American entertainment which prevailed in the comic strips before these 297 un-American saboteurs crept into our midst!

The most obvious Communist agent is "Pete The Tramp," whose laziness is an obvious cover-up for one of the most cunning brains in the Red Spy network. I ask you this: How has Pete The Tramp existed all these years without putting in one honest day's work? Through secret funds, supplied by Moscow, that's how!

Or take the case of "Henry!" Why doesn't he speak? Isn't it obvious? He doesn't dare! The only language he knows is Russian, and he's too clever to give himself away!

And I further contend that Henry is in league with "Ferd'nand," "Looie" and "Mr. Mum"—the other silent members of the Red conspiracy! Let's make them talk, and then clean them out!

Let's also clean out "Bathless Groggins," whose filthy habits are obviously masterminded by the Kremlin in order to corrupt our standards of decency!

And let's not forget the females in the Red conspiracy. Foremost is "Nancy" who works hand in hand with her Aunt Fritz. Their daily strip is purposefully idiotic and unfunny so that it will deaden the minds of loyal Americans and render them more vulnerable to Red propaganda!

Equally evil are "Blondie," "Dottie Dripple" and Jiggs' wife, "Maggie." Their henpecking has destroyed the masculinity and the morale of their husbands, and consequently is destroying the masculinity and morale of the entire American male population!

Which brings us to the Master Spy—the one comic strip character who controls the entire infiltration apparatus corrupting our business and in turn our nation. I feel it is my patriotic duty to divulge her name here and now, before it is too late, even though for years I have treated her as my own daughter. Nevertheless, we must wipe out this 43-year old "Mata Hari" who has been posing as "Little Orphan Annie" just as we cold-bloodedly and ruthlessly wipe out

(Cont. on page 55)





Mary Worth's COMIC LOW-DOWN

Who's Doing What With Whom Where, When & How

Hello from "Comicland"—and here is my first Exclusive! **Batman** and **Judy Wallet** are that way! They're waiting for **Robin's** permission . . . The **Thimble Theater** will convert to **Cinerama** . . . **Pogo** and his friends are taking up a collection to buy **Walt Kelly** a ruler. They're sick of his ragged panel outlines . . . After taking on one disgusting character after another, **Dick Tracy** tops his career by taking on the most disgusting character of all—**Nancy**!

* * * * *

Steve Canyon may resign from the Air Force to devote all of his time to his book criticizing our Defense Policy. He'll point out that **Beetle Bailey** is the main reason for the missile gap . . . Familiar trio around town: **Bathless Groggins, B.O. Plenty** and **Pigpen** swapping the latest dirt!

* * * * *

Smilin' Jack dropped in unexpectedly on the **Bumsteads** last month. He overshot the airport . . . **Red Ryder** and the **Lone Ranger** exchanged guest shots last week. Fortunately, nobody got hit . . . **Terry** is suing **George Wunder**. Says he doesn't like the shape his balloons are in . . . Look-Alikes: **Dagwood** and **Horace Dripple**, **Rex Morgan, M.D.** and **Rip Kirby**, **Juliet Jones** and **David Crane** . . . Seen Around Town: **Daisy Duck** nestling up to Donald's **Uncle Scrooge.** No dummy, she!

* * * * *

Alley Oop is proud of his Teenage Club for Boys. Weighs less than five pounds, and packs a real wallop . . . **Pogo** has turned thumbs down on a new paperback. Says he's swamped . . . **Snuffy Smith** will be designated a major disaster area . . . **Popeye** is ailing. Insiders suspect he's developed an allergy to spinach . . . **Bugs Bunny** and **B'rer Rabbit** will soon market their new hare tonic . . . **Long Sam** was nixed by "Playboy" as its Playmate of the Month. Seems they couldn't afford an eight-page fold-out!

* * * * *

Comic-Book Cutie, **Katy Keene,** whose readers design her clothes, had to decline a date because she had nothing to wear. The mail was late . . . **Archie Andrews** had a horrible fright when he received his latest report card. He nearly graduated . . . Reports that **Alfred E. Neuman** is really **The Yellow Kid** with a toupee are being hotly denied—by **The Yellow Kid** . . . **Secret Agent X-9** planning to make a comeback, but he'll use an alias . . . The cats were really tearing up the place at "Birdland" last night. Namely **Spooky, Felix, Sylvester** and **Cicero's cat**!

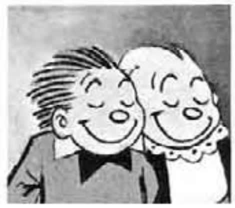
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WHERE ARE THEY NOW? . . . **Jerry-On-The-Job** is out of work . . . **Tiny Tim** is a small businessman . . . It's rumored that **Skippy** is now a Navy Doctor . . . **The Human Torch** is now a cigarette lighter for a Texas millionaire. Has to keep clear of the oil fields, though . . . **The Reg'lar Fellows** are working at the advertising agency for Kellogg cereals. They're all account executives for All-Bran . . . Has anyone seen **Invisible Scarlet O'Neal** lately?

COMICLAND QUIZ

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE WORLD OF COMICS?

Hans and Fritz (The Katzenjammer Kids) are:



A. 49 years old.
B. Brother and Sister.
C. Up for parole.
D. Nazis.

This pile of dollar bills represents:



A. Mickey Finn's traffic ticket fixes for 1961.
B. Penny's phone bill for April.
C. The back taxes Joe Palooka owes Uncle Sam.
D. Jiggs and Maggie's weekly vase replacement expenses.

These are the plans for:



A. A Rex Morgan appendectomy.
B. The Okefenokee Swamp Urban Renewal Project.
C. Li'l Abner's new outhouse.
D. Sluggo's Bar Mitzvah.

This is an extreme close-up of:



A. Orphan Annie's left eyeball.
B. Charlie Brown's hairline.
C. Beetle Bailey's combat record.
D. Orphan Annie's right eyeball.

The one ingredient missing from this Dagwood sandwich is:



A. Halvah.
B. Arsenic.
C. Blondie's upper plate.
D. Judge Parker.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

Antonio Prohias, who was forced to flee Cuba because he refused to become a "Castro Convertible", brings us another MAD installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white—better known as . . .

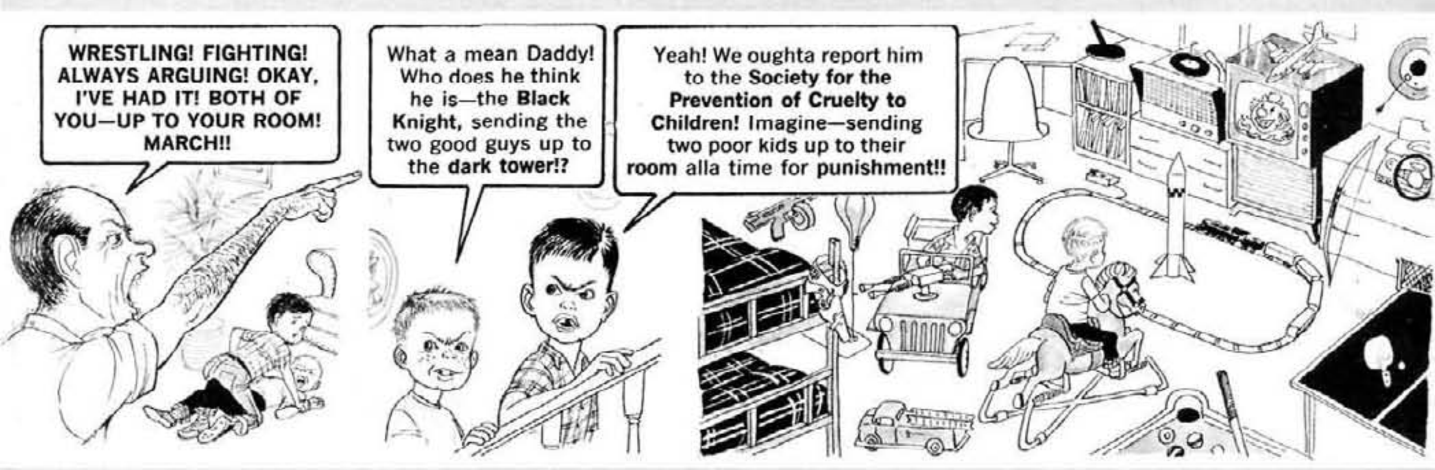


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

The relationship between Parents and their Little Kids can be summed up in one word: Aggravation! Yessiree, Parents sure give their Little Kids plenty of aggravation! You'll see exactly what we mean in this article by Dave Berg . . . who gave his Little Kids plenty of aggravation while researching:

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF







PARENTS
(OF LITTLE KIDS)

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG









Just wait till your **father** comes home and I tell him what you've done! Boy, is he gonna give **you** a licking!
Ain't you **scared?**
Naahh! I know how to handle **them!** All I have to do is get to my Daddy **first**—before he comes into the house!
Daddy! **Daddy!** I've got the **bestest Daddy** in the **whole world!** All the **other** kids are **jealous** 'cause **my** Daddy is better'n **their** Daddies!!
So you're **home!** Well, let me tell you about this **brat** of yours—
Brat!? My Billy a **brat!?** Why I've got the **bestest kid** in the **whole world!** All the other Daddies are **jealous** 'cause **my** kid is better'n **their** kids!
You don't appreciate what a **good mother** I am! Look at this beautiful spotless house I've given you! And this lovely room you've got!
No! No! Don't touch those toys! I've just spent an hour straightening them up!
No! No! You can't play in the den! I've just had the floor waxed!
C'mon, Stu! Let's go over to Mark's house! His mom don't care what kind of a mess we make! She's a **terrible mother!!**
Oh, Jerry, I'm so glad you're home! I've had such a terrible day with Randi. It seems that she lost a **tooth** yesterday, and we forgot to put **money** from **"The Good Fairy"** under her pillow. Well, I tell you, there's been such crying and carrying-on all day long—
The poor kid! Let's **make it up** to her! Get me some of that **gold glitter paint** your cub scout den was using—and one of her **dolls . . .**
See—with the gold paint on the doll's shoes, I'm making **fairy footprints** from the window to Randi's bed . . .
But Elaine! It's the middle of the second act! Will you calm down! The baby is all right!
I just **know** something is **wrong!** It's a mother's heart telling me!! I'm going to call the baby sitter—
RING
Hello?
WAA!
See!? **See!?** I **knew** something was wrong! I **told you . . . !**



Mommy— (yawwnn—) Daddy— who's here?
Oh-oh! It's Kenny! He's up and he knows we have company. Now he'll try every trick in the book to get attention! But we know how to handle him! Just ignore him!!
That's it, Dick! He'll get tired soon! Just do like we do! Ignore him!!
Hi, Nick! Keeping busy?
I'll say! Mondays, I'm Assistant Cubmaster of my son Bobby's pack! Thursdays, I'm coach of my son Bobby's swimming team at the "Y"!
And on Saturdays, I'm manager of my son Bobby's Little League Team!
How's it with you?
Oh— same old thing!
Yeah, I know what you mean! Well, that's the way the cookie crumbles! Some kids got it—and some kids ain't!
You couldn't have been a normal kid—like Bobby!? You had to be a GENIUS!?
Now we'll put the money under her pillow, with a note from "The Good Fairy" saying that so many children lost teeth yesterday, she just couldn't get around to Randi!
What an absolutely charming idea! She'll remember this all her life!
Regina! Come quick! Randi is waking up!
I've got to see the expression on her face when she sees what we've done!
A QUARTER!? WHAT KIND OF A CHEAPSKATE GOOD FAIRY GIVES A QUARTER!? DEBBIE GETS A WHOLE DOLLAR FROM HER GOOD FAIRY FOR EVERY TOOTH SHE LOSES!!
It's just like my mother always said: "Small children, small troubles! Big children, big troubles!" I've got two small children and a teenager! I've got troubles up to here!!
The younger ones are going through the whole routine—you know the bit—measles, chicken pox, temper tantrums! And the teenager has the body of an adult, the mind of a child and the rebellion of a Communist on Wall Street!
But I don't have to tell you! You know what it's all about!
Not really! I don't have any children!
You don't have any children!? So what do you do for aggravation!?
David Berg

MARQUEE DE SAD DEPT.

"OF ROSES AND NIGHTINGALES AND OTHER LOVELY THINGS"

"IN THE NAME OF LOVE, A SMALL CORRUPTION"

"HELL IS EMPTY, ALL THE DEVILS ARE HERE"

"MAKE IT FIFTY DOLLARS AND ADD LOVE TO NONA"

"TODAY THE MAN WHO KILLS THE ANTS IS COMING"

"I DON'T BELONG IN A WHITE-PAINTED HOUSE"

Since Television producers are forbidden from presenting intelligent, artistic dramas on the 21-inch screen, they're making up for it in an ingenious way. They're presenting intelligent, artistic

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WHAT IF HOLLYWOOD WERE TO
LONG AND PRETENTIOUS

Here's a poster for a re-release of "KING KONG"...



The Most Incredible Monster Of All Time!

It Tramples Trains! *It Destroys Buildings!* *It Kills Innocent People!*

ROBERT ARMSTRONG & FAY WRAY

IN

"Beat, Beat, Beat Upon A Forlorn Hairy Chest With Thy Vengeful Fists Of Civilized Inhumanity And Receive In Return A Shattered Jungle Soul Whose Name Is 'Everyape'"

Here's a poster for a re-release of "THE THREE STOOGES MEET HERCULES"...

A HUNDRED SCREAMS! **A THOUSAND SHRIEKS!** **A MILLION LAUGHS!**



***Hilarious* LARRY** ***Uproarious* MOE** ***Ridiculous* CURLY**

WACKY! WILD! WONDERFUL!

THOSE 3 CRAZY, LOVABLE GUYS CLOWN THEIR WAY INTO THE HEART OF A LEGENDARY GIANT!

For Children of All Ages— From 2 to 2½

IN "Oh, That This Too Too Solid Flesh Might Withstand The Stings And Klops of Outrageous Slapstick by Those Three Idiots Who By Their Very Nature Must Commit Atrocities Only to Appear Humorous"

"TRY TO KEEP ALIVE UNTIL NEXT TUESDAY"

"SO OFT IT CHANCES IN PARTICULAR MEN"

"OF ALL SAVE PAIN BEREFT"

"TORMENT HIM MUCH AND HOLD HIM LONG"

"NO NAKED LADIES IN FRONT OF GIOVANNI'S HOUSE"

"ROBIN HOOD AND CLARENCE DARROW, THEY BOTH WENT OUT WITH BOW AND ARROW"

titles on the 21-inch screen! F'rinstance, the samples shown above are honest-to-goodness titles from weekly series that were used over the past year by 4 popular shows. Which got us to thinking.

FOLLOW THE TREND TOWARD

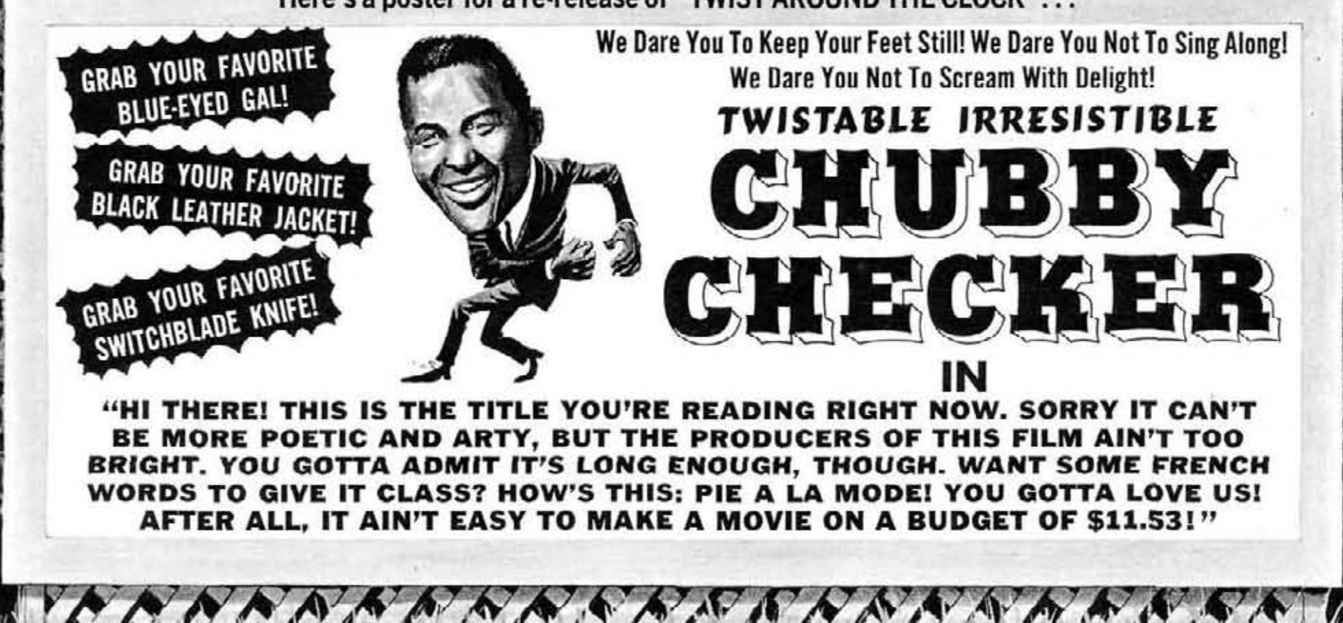
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

TITLES FOR TV DRAMAS

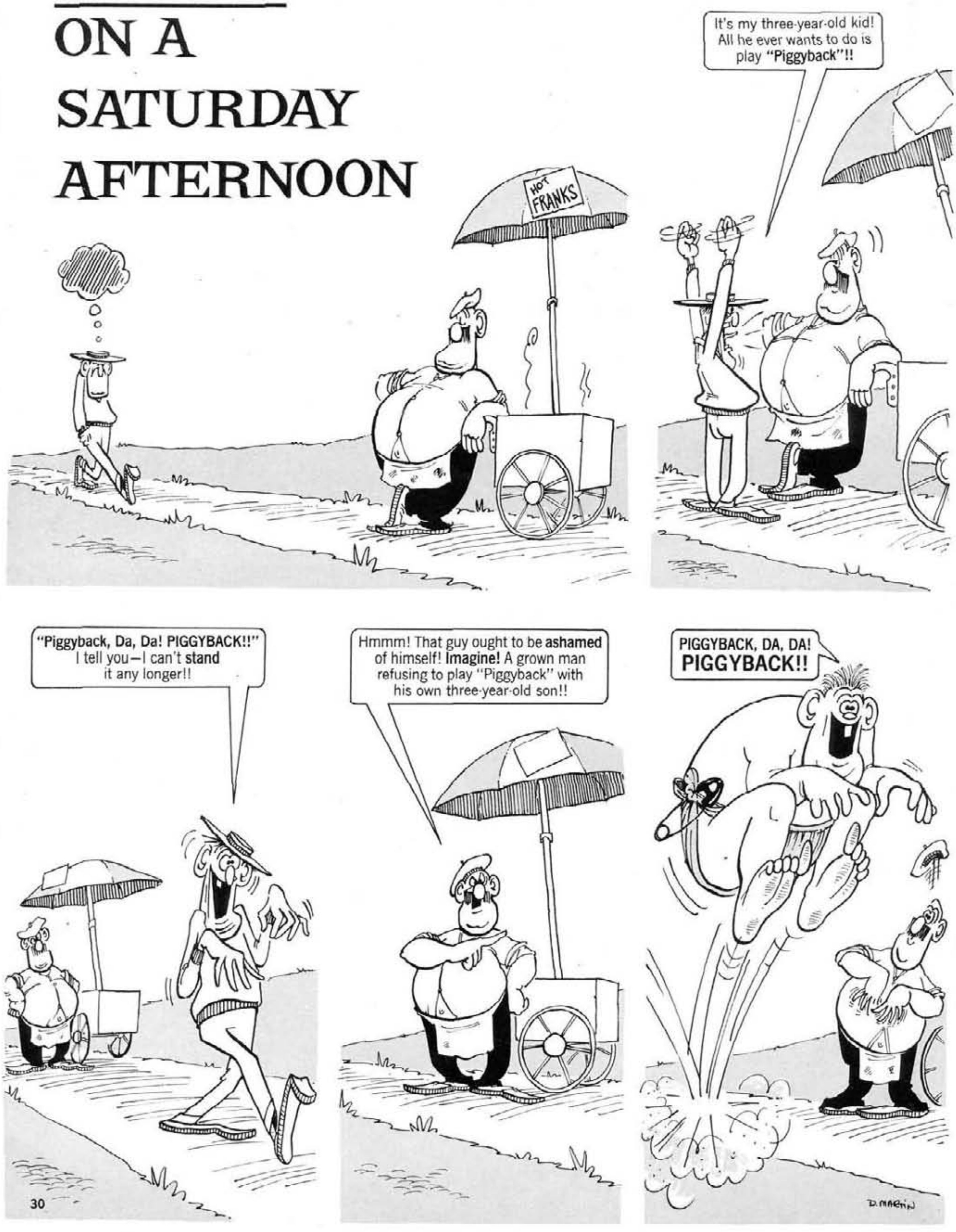
Here's a teaser poster for a re-release of "THE BIRDS"...



Here's a poster for a re-release of "TWIST AROUND THE CLOCK"...



ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON



MAKING A BIG SPLASH DEPT.

Once upon a time, Swimming Pools were strictly a luxury. Only two kinds of people had them: (1) Millionaires, and (2) Movie stars named Esther Williams. Today, all that has changed. The Swimming Pool is rapidly taking the place of the automobile as America's newest and flashiest "Status Symbol". And if we know anything about American Industry, just as the car developed, so will the Swimming Pool. In this article, we at MAD take a somewhat damp view of what the poor consumer has in store, as we examine:

THE TREND TOWARD SWIMMING POOLS AS A NEW "STATUS SYMBOL"

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: SY REIT

Up to now, the Swimming Pool has been a fairly standard item . . . usually rectangular in shape . . . with a diving board at one end . . . and a crowd of unwelcome neighbors at the other.



But as the trend develops and grows, we can expect the usual competition. In order to grab business, pool manufacturers will begin to introduce new models and interesting gimmicks. And we can look forward to things like . . .



Large, flashy, chrome-plated pools with white side-wall life preservers, and tail fins on the diving board . . .



—and racy sport models (also available as convertibles), with two-tone paint jobs and high-powered filter motors.

Before you know it, Foreign Pool Manufacturers will get into the act, and they'll turn out a line of low-priced "compacts" for the American Market:



The Germans will put out a model called a "Volkswasser"...



... and the Japanese might even try a transistor pool.

Next will come...





As the trend continues, we'll begin to see "Two-Pool" families. After all, the kids are growing up . . . why shouldn't they have a pool of their own?



On America's highways and thruways, the "Drive-In" will be replaced by the "Dive-In" . . . and "Used Pool Lots" will become a familiar sight everywhere.



After a while, we'll have so many pools that they'll be backed up, ladder to ladder. There won't be room for gardens or backyards, or even barbecue pits. The country will be suffering from serious pool traffic congestion.

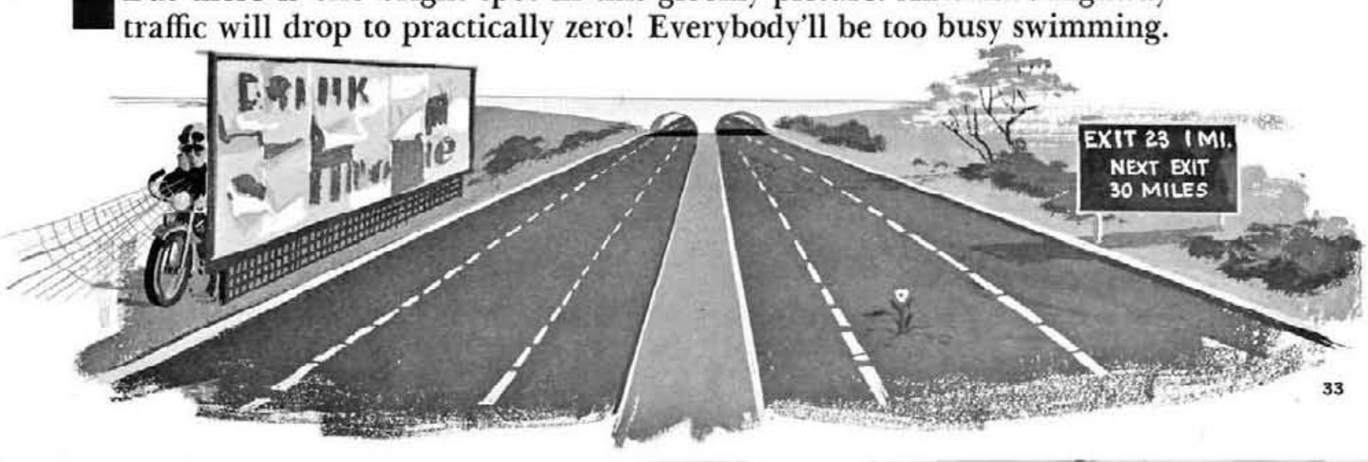








But there is one bright spot in this gloomy picture: America's highway traffic will drop to practically zero! Everybody'll be too busy swimming.



POSTAL INTROSPECTION DEPT.

TODAY, it's possible for the ambitious clod to learn almost any skill, trade or profession by enrolling in one of the thousands of correspondence courses currently available. But strangely enough, no one has yet offered a much-needed course teaching psychoanalysis by mail, thus enabling the hapless neurotic to save the $25 an hour he now spends spewing out his woes to some overworked psychiatrist who probably isn't listening anyway. Rushing to the aid of these frenzied folk who can't cope with life, MAD now offers its own version of a home study course designed to accomplish . . .



PSYCHOANALYSIS BY MAIL

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO
WRITER: TOM KOCH

Session 3.
MOTHER
(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Does the above picture cause you to be more concerned about Mom's safety than about how much it is going to cost you to have her rocker repaired once the whole mess is over?___
2. Are you now working on two jobs, one day and one night, just so you can make more money to buy Mom some of the nice things that your rotten, no-good father always denied her?___
3. Do you cry yourself to sleep every night because the way your wife tucks you in and gives you your blanket to cuddle is not quite as comforting as the way Mom used to do it?___
4. Do you insist on having your mother accompany you everywhere you go because she is the only person capable of helping you cross the streets safely?___
5. Have you remained unmarried because you can't find a girl to take out who is 53 years old, has a weak worn face, and is willing to call you "Sonny"?___
6. Do you still telephone your Mother every night to have her sing you a lullaby even though you now live in San Diego and she lives in Bangor, Maine?___

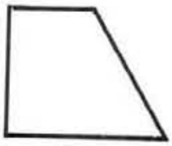
Session 4.
THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX
(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Are you humiliated beyond all reason because the ink blot above looks like nothing more than an ink blot to you, while you think that we think that you should think it looks like sex?___
2. Are you afraid that you will be blamed for spilling the ink that made the blot, and that shortly we'll be sending someone out to hit you for it?___
3. Do you avoid playing patty-cake with little kids because you're afraid they're better at it than you are?___
4. Do you confess to every axe murder because you hate to think of some criminal more worthy than yourself being electrocuted while you go scot-free?___
5. Whenever you pass a jewelry store with its clock-sign reading 8:20, do you unconsciously set your watch for that time, assuming that the jeweler must know the correct time and that you were the one who made the mistake and went out to lunch four hours early?___
6. Do you send Mom a note of apology instead of a card every Mother's Day because you know how she must feel having a mess like you for a kid?___

Session 1.
GENERAL EMOTIONAL STABILITY

(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



After concentrating hard on the illustration at left for 15 or 20 minutes, do you find yourself throwing a temper tantrum because you can't reach into the page and push the slanty side over to make the whole thing look more neat?___



When you saw this symbol, did you immediately look down at the bottom of the page for the footnote it refers to, and then burst into tears when there wasn't any?___



Are you filled with more frustration than you can bear because every pencil in the house has a broken point, leaving you with no possible way of filling in that awful white spot in the center of the circle?___



Did you stand on your head to make sense out of this one without stopping to realize that maybe it's right side up, and everything else in the world is upside down?___



Did this one make you giggle uncontrollably because you thought it looked like Jackie Gleason from the rear, bending over?___



Did this one compel you to go down and punch your laundryman in the mouth because you were mad over the fact that he knows what it means and you don't?___

Session 2.
ENVIRONMENTAL ADJUSTMENT

(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Does the above illustration restore your faith in humanity because it proves that you are not the only one with sense enough to realize that a tree is the safest place in the world to live in?___
2. Don't you think the man in the picture would be happier if he'd picked a taller tree which was harder to climb, thus making it even more difficult for all the bad guys to get at him?___
3. Are you uncomfortable, even though you live alone on a desert island because you probably have a lot of snoopy neighbors living in Honolulu less than 1,300 miles away?___
4. Does it bother you that it is already tomorrow across the international dateline, and that the people on the other side think you're doing what you're doing right now yesterday?___
5. No matter how often you sell your house and move, do you always wind up with whole families of Communist spies living on both sides of you?___
6. When your phone rings, do you inform whoever is calling that they have the wrong number before they have a chance to pry into your personal affairs by saying something like, "Hello?"?___

Session 5.
FETISHES

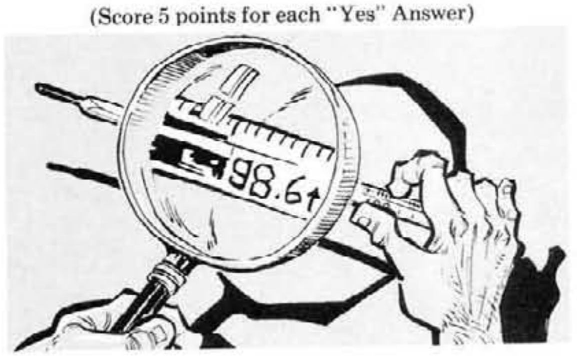
(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Even though you live alone, have you been forced to buy a 14-room house because you need at least 13 rooms to store your collection of old bottle caps?___
2. At a party, do you sit quietly until everyone else gets too plastered to notice you, and then start rummaging feverishly through bureau drawers?___
3. When your wife suggests a picnic, do you insist on holding it near the City Dump so you can scrounge through the rubbish while the rest of the family is eating?___
4. Have you given away all your slipover sweaters because you can't figure out how to put one on without taking off your hat?___
5. Do you stock up on more canned goods than you can possibly eat just because you love to look at the pictures on the labels?___
6. Do you hide spare rolls of string in chandeliers, under beds and other secret places around your house, just so you won't get caught short in case your wife finds your regular supply and throws it out?___

Session 6.
COMPULSIONS

(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. When you see these numbers, do you rush to the library to see what subject it covers under the Dewey Decimal System, instead of rushing to take your temperature the way a normal person would?___
2. Are you in financial trouble because you can't resist saving your pay envelope every week, and throwing away the check inside?___
3. When you receive an engraved invitation to a five o'clock cocktail party, do you show up at both five A.M. and again at five P.M., just to play it safe?___
4. Have you stayed in your room with the door locked ever since you stepped on a crack in the sidewalk two years ago last summer?___
5. Do you have a lot of auto accidents because you are afraid that glancing at the road occasionally would cause you to lose count of the number of telephone poles you're driving past?___
6. Do you have more dreams about Harold Stassen than other people seem to?___

Session 7.
TELEPHONE PSYCHOSIS

(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Does the mere sight of the man in the picture fill you with joyous anticipation because you're certain he'll call you up any minute now, and you can hardly wait to talk to him even though you have no idea who he is?___
2. Do you sometimes wish that you had two phones with different numbers so you could call yourself up and have somebody convivial to chat with?___
3. Have you been calling up wrong numbers and saying "Guess who this is?" for so long that they know who it is by now?___
4. Do you carry on long conversations with the girl on the phone who gives you the correct time even though she seems to have a one-track mind that causes her to reply to everything you say by telling you what time it is?___
5. Is it your idea of a big time to call up every grocer in town and order huge quantities of food to be delivered to addresses that don't exist?___
6. After you've called everyone you can think of, do you while away many happy hours just sitting there listening to the dial tone?___

Session 8.
TELEVISION PSYCHOSIS

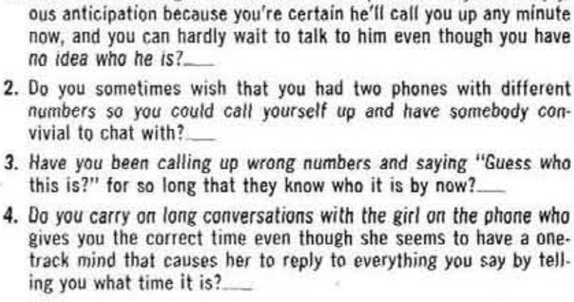
(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Do you wish you had a TV set that could bring in all 13 channels at the same time so you wouldn't ever, ever, ever have to miss any show, no matter how lousy it was?___
2. Do you toss and turn all night because the announcer on the "11 O'Clock News" always tells you to rush right out and buy "Dristan," and you can't because the drug store in your neighborhood closes at 10:30?___
3. Is your greatest pride in life the fact that you stopped using that greasy kid stuff on your hair even before the TV people told you to?___
4. Do you always wear your best suit while watching TV because you assume that the people on the screen can see you and you don't want to be considered a slob?___
5. Is the greatest thing you fear about a Communist take-over the possibility that you might be sent to Siberia, which you understand is in a fringe reception area?___
6. Do you sometimes get out of bed at 4 A.M. after all the TV stations have gone off the air, and still get a lot of pleasure out of turning on the set and just watching the snow on the screen?___

Session 9.
FRUSTRATIONS

(Score 5 points for each "Yes" Answer)



1. Do you beat up your wife and children every evening just because there's no one left to beat up after you've spent the day beating up your co-workers and customers?___
2. Have you ever had the triumphant dream that you stalked and killed a lyrfimstrdl, and then suffered a terrible let-down when you awoke and found it wasn't even listed in the dictionary?___
3. Are you frustrated beyond endurance because you've been writing down every joke you hear and mailing them to Ed Sullivan, and he still doesn't laugh?___
4. Do you ever dream that you've just met a beautiful blonde, and then get mad because the alarm clock goes off before you've had a chance to get her name and phone number?___
5. Do you fly into a towering rage every time you watch "Gunsmoke" because Chester won't stop limping no matter how many letters of protest you write to the network?___
6. Do you hate your mother and father because you wanted to be an African pygmy when you grew up and they wouldn't let you?___

Session 10.
SCORING AND RECOMMENDED THERAPY

If your score is 0-25, you have no problems because you either didn't go to school at all, or somehow managed to skip the grades where they taught reading.

If your score is 30-35, you should buy a dictionary, read it cover to cover, and then take this quiz over again on the off-chance that the new results will prove you to be less of a nut than you really are.

If your score is 60-85, just stay under your bed and keep re-reading the label on the bottom of the box spring until you feel better.

If your score is 90-115, don't clutter up your mind with tests like these. You need all the mental power you can muster just to remember who you are in case anybody should ever ask.

If your score is 120-145, you are almost completely unglued and should immediately send us an additional $150 for our "Advanced Course" while you still have sense enough to remember where you put your check book.

If your score is 150-175, don't send us the $150. Use it to have bars installed in all your windows to protect your neighbors from what you are most likely to do next.

If your score is 180-205, quit your job immediately and have as much fun as you can before they catch up with you.

If your score is 210-235, cultivate the ability to hold your breath for long periods of time so you will be in shape to move to the bottom of the ocean in case your condition worsens.

If your score is 240-270, don't call us. We'll arrange for the nearest sanitarium to call you.

AUTO-SUGGESTION DEPT.

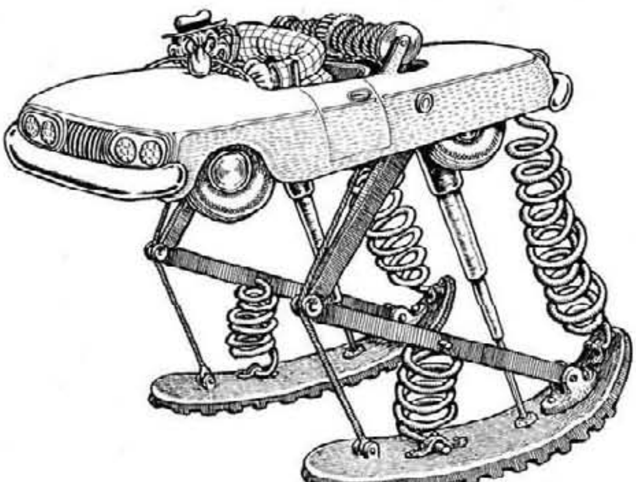
Today, there are two kinds of drivers on America's highways: *The Maniacs . . .* and *The Boy-I'd-Like-To Get-Even-With-Those-Maniacs!* To satisfy the needs of each, MAD commissioned Basil Wolverton to design these special cars which he calls–



WHEELERS

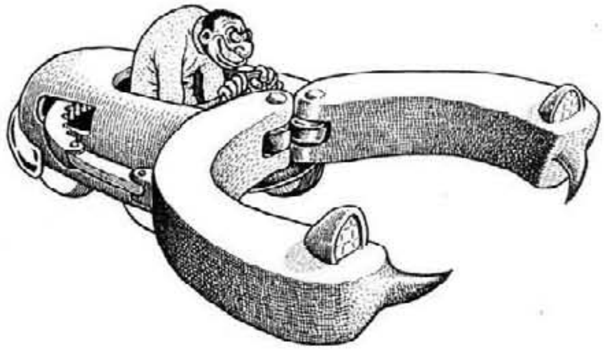
(Some MAD Cars Designed For Maniac Drivers)

THE JACKRABBIT JUMPER



Retractable system of high-tension springs, cables and pneumatic cylinders makes it possible for "Fast Take-off Maniacs" to get the jump on everyone at stops and lights.

THE TIGHT TAILER



A must model for idiots who insist on following closely at high speeds. Powerful pinch-hooks swing onto victim, making it easy to tail at close range without bumping.

THE AUTOMATIC WEAVER



For imbeciles who love to weave in and out of heavy traffic, this model features a geared steering wheel that automatically swerves the car from one lane to another repeatedly while driver sits back and relaxes.

THE ADJACENT DOOR DESTROYER

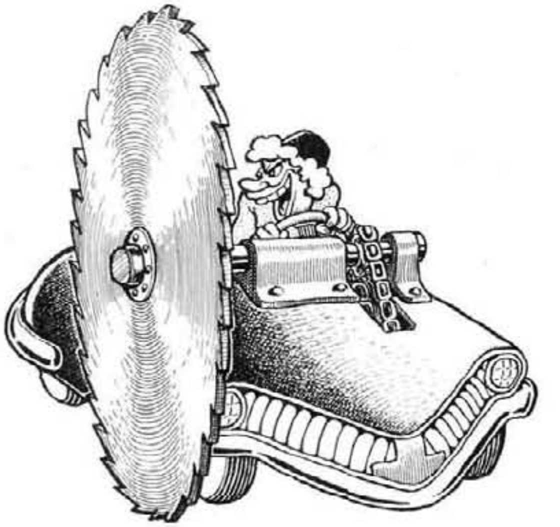


The ultimate for parking lot morons who love to damage the cars next to theirs. Special heavy doors jerk open swiftly, and are equipped with steel gougers, powerful flame throwers, and nozzles for squirting paint remover.

AND DEALERS

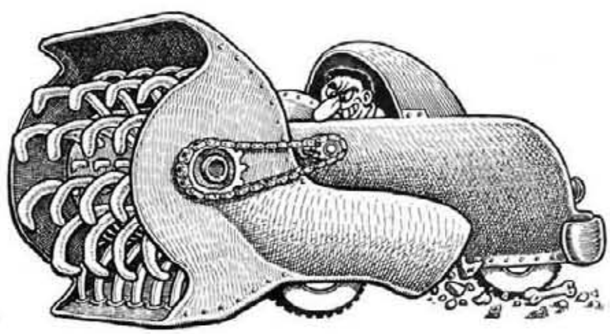
(Some MAD Cars Designed To Get Even With Maniac Drivers)

THE PARKING LOT SPACE-HOG SAWER



Next time you come upon one of those idiots taking up two spaces in a crowded parking lot, your problem is solved. Heavy circular saw geared to car motor insures ample space for your own car by removing any obstacle.

THE ROAD-HOG PLOWER



No need to fear that "Maniac Road-Hog" with this model. Just plow right into him. Powerful steel teeth eliminate threat once and for all by grinding everything to bits.

THE HORN-BLASTER BLASTER

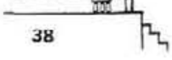


This dream-car is designed to take revenge on imbeciles who come up behind you and start blasting their horns. Microphone on top picks up honking, which is amplified by equipment in soundproof body, and then blasted back through giant rear speakers with ear-splitting volume.

THE HIGH-BEAMER BLINDER



Night drivers who have been tortured by those morons who *refuse to dim their lights will flip over this new model.* Super generator supplies power to battery of lights that flick on at touch of a switch, driving offender off road.





MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS DEPT.

From time immemorial, graduating students have felt that there are no longer any opportunities left to make one's fortune. They've said things like: "Everything's been invented, or discovered, or cashed-in on . . . and there are no new frontiers left to conquer!" Well, we say things like: "Baloney!" Where would Thomas A. Edison, Jonas Salk and Hugh Hefner be if they'd believed that? Mainly, opportunities are all around us. Mankind is constantly beset with problems. All you have to do is open your eyes, solve these problems, and you'll come up with profitable ideas like . . .

NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR RECENT GRADS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE PROBLEM: Gigantic Parking Lots



Anyone who has left a car in an outer aisle of a typical 32 acre modern shopping center or recreation area parking lot knows how exhausting the trips in and out can be.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY: Parking Lot Shuttle Bus



Set up a "Shuttle Bus Service" from the outer fringes of the parking lot to the stores, bowling alley or ball park. You could charge according to aisle, or number of bundles.

THE PROBLEM: Doctors' Answering Service



If you've ever called your family doctor in an emergency, only to reach his "answering service," you know the panic and frustration of being informed that he's not available.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY: Doctors' Finder Service



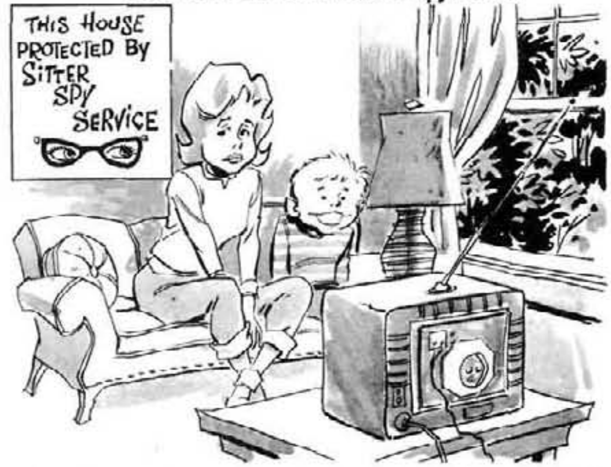
Organize a group of professional "Doctor Tailers." Assign each to a doctor. When customer calls your service, his doctor is contacted personally, and he can't squirm out.

THE PROBLEM: Sitter Anxiety



All parents are apprehensive about what really goes on after they leave their little dears in the care of a baby sitter. Rumors of wild parties and abused kids are heard.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY: Sitter Spy Patrol



"Sitter Spy Patrol" services a list of member-clients who signal every time they go out. Their sitter is aware that you might drop in for a spot check at anytime, and behaves.



THE PROBLEM: Cleaning Up For The Cleaning Girl



Many housewives frantically "straighten up a bit" before regular cleaning-girl arrives, claiming then she'll only have the important work to do. Actually, housewife would *rather die than let girl know what a slob she really is.*

YOUR OPPORTUNITY: Pre-Cleaning-Girl Service



Start a "Pre-Cleaning-Girl Cleaning Service" with bonded and insured girls that have passkeys to customers' homes. They sneak in and pre-clean before regular girl arrives. *Housewife never sees "pre-cleaner"—can't be embarrassed.*

THE PROBLEM: Long Waiting Lines



With population explosion comes over-crowding everywhere. Lines for hit shows, ball games—even at banks and barber shops grow longer and longer and waiting has its problems.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY: Place-Keeping Service



People who have invested a lot of time waiting on a line will welcome your service so they can solve problems like trips to rest rooms and starvation—without losing place.



THE PROBLEM: Unassembled Purchases



Buying unassembled article means the customer is working for the manufacturer and doesn't know it. He saves labor costs of assembly, and customer ends up botching the job.

THE SOLUTION: Visiting Assembly Service



Organize a "Visiting Assembly Service." For small kickback, stores will insert your message in each box. When frantic customer calls for help . . . you step in and save the day.



THE PROBLEM: Growing Trading Stamp Nuisance



Growing numbers of housewives are becoming disenchanted with trading stamps. They are beginning to realize that they're really paying for the gifts – plus salaries, rents and profits of the stamp companies and their ad agencies.

YOUR SOLUTION: Trading Stamp Trading Store



Open store that gives groceries for trading stamps. After all, that's what housewives needed in first place. Then, redeem stamps for gifts, open gift-shop, sell gifts, and re-stock groceries with part of gift-shop's huge profits.

THE PROBLEM: Family Disputes



In any American home, when you find dissension, arguing, bitterness and hatred, you'll probably find the same old cause for it . . . mainly: who's gonna take out the garbage?

YOUR OPPORTUNITY: Garbage Take-Out Service



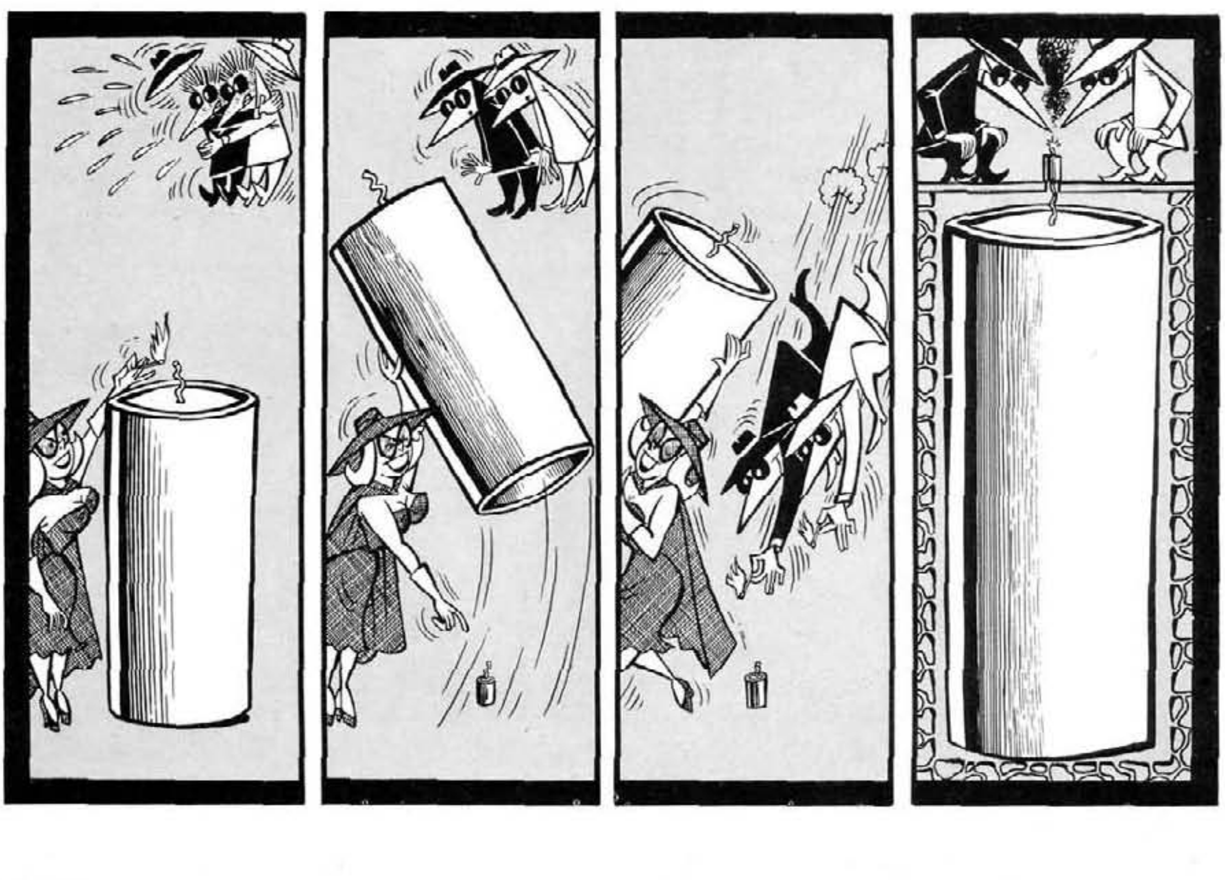
Your service would call daily and carry the garbage from the house can to the outside can. Every husband would be thrilled to pay for bringing happiness back to his home.

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

And now, Mr. Prohias offers another installment in his contention that truth is never all black nor all white—but merely shades of gray. He calls it . . .

SPY vs SPY vs SPY







HITCHCOCK-A-DOODLE-DOO DEPT.

Yes sir, you saw it advertised in magazines and newspapers, on billboards and TV—and you were scared! Then you saw it on the screen, and you were no longer scared—you were hysterical with laughter! Because even a movie with reams and reams of advance publicity can still turn out to be a bomb when it's got bad acting and a weak story! To paraphrase the ads, Alfred Hatchplot should have said, "It could be the most terrible motion picture I have ever made!" Mainly because his latest chiller is not only luke warm, it is strictly . . .

"For The Birds"

STARRING TV-REJECTS **ROD TAYLURE** **JESSICA CANDY** **SUZANN FLUSHETTE**

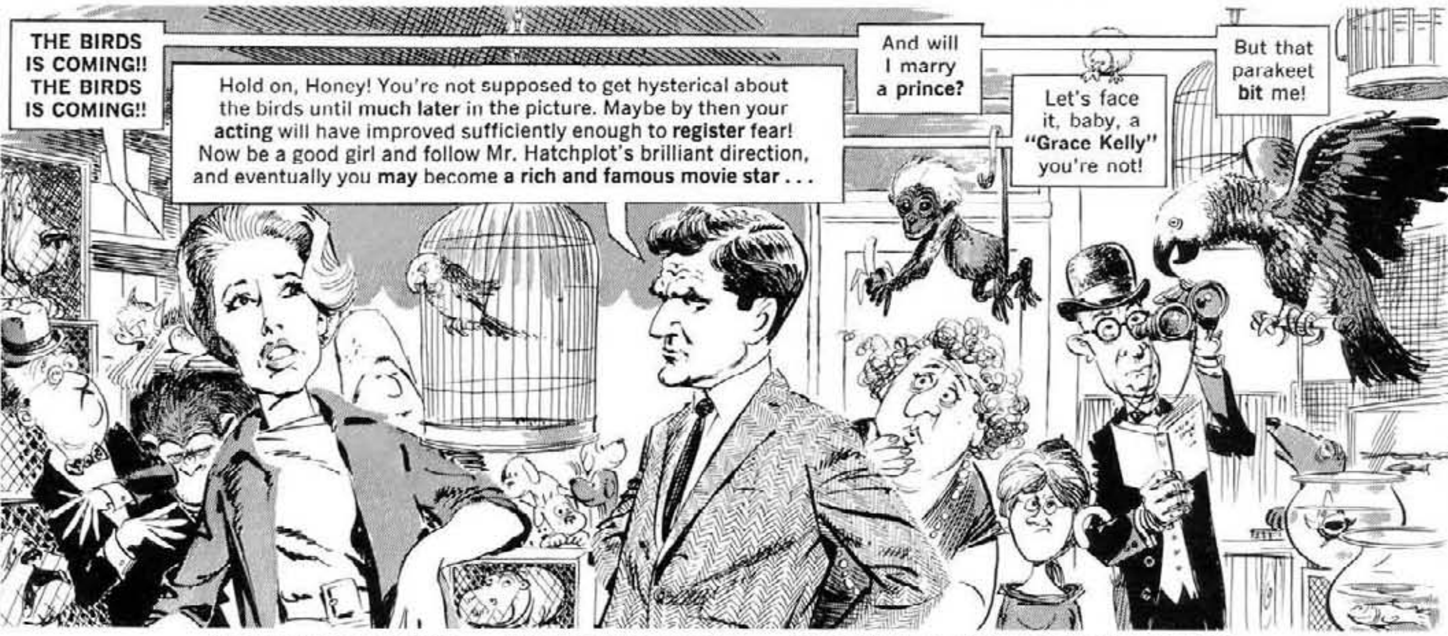
AND INTRODUCING A HATCHPLOT MISTAKE: **TIPSY HEADRINSE** AS "THE BIRD BATH"

WITH **Peter FINCH, Walter PIGEON, Tina ROBIN, Jean CRANE, Dean MARTIN, Howard HAWKS, Jeanne EAGLES** AND THE EVER-POPULAR **Jim CROW**

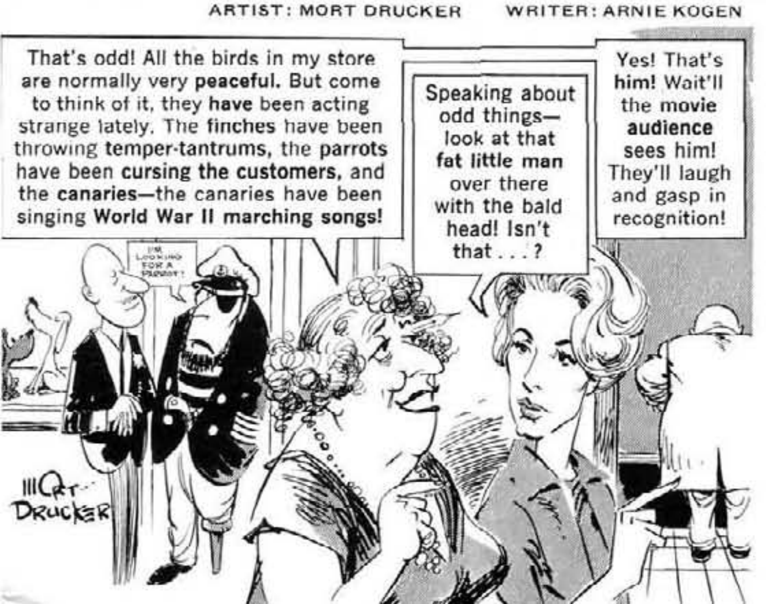
PLUMAGE BY **Edith HEAD**
UNEXPECTED ATTACK ON CREW BY **Washington Square PIGEONS**

CHICKEN-FLICKINGS BY **Morris The BUTCHER**
SCREENPLAY BY **Irving HUNTER** ADAPTED FROM HIS JR. HIGH SCHOOL COMPOSITION

TETANUS SHOTS BY **Zina BETHUNE**
BASED ON **Daphy Du MAURIER'S** TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE IN CENTRAL PARK



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN ADDITIONAL MATERIAL: LOU SILVERSTONE







That's a surprise! I was kind of expecting somebody else to show up in that sequence!
He'll probably appear later on! Anyway, looking for him will help to build up the suspense—something which happens to be noticeably lacking in the rest of the picture!
NO-- NOT ME!
Now, what can I do for you?
NO--
I'd like to order two love birds! They're a gift for the kid sister of that lawyer who was just in here. I'm going to pay him an unexpected and completely contrived—but necessary to further the plot—surprise visit at Bodego Bay this weekend!
Bodego Bay? You're going to Bodego Bay? Listen, take my advice and stay away from that place! It's not for you! I've heard some strange talk about it around the store recently! That's no place to go chasing a lawyer on a weekend!
PLEASE...
Why? Is there some threat of danger?
No—it's just that Bodego Bay doesn't "swing" on weekends! A rich, attractive girl like you has more of a chance of catching a lawyer at the "action" resorts—like Las Vegas, Palm Springs and Metlitz's Bungalow Cottages on Kiamesha Lake in the Catskills!
Well, thanks for the advice, but I think I prefer to take my chances with this guy at Bodego Bay!
Okay, but remember I warned you! Bodego Bay is FOR THE BIRDS!
HONEST, CAP'N, GET SEA-SICK!
PET SHOP
Could either of you gentlemen direct me to the home of Mr. Roger Oedipus? I have a present for his little sister . . . what's her name??
Oh, you mean Gertrude?
No—her name is Maude!
You're wrong! It's Bernice!
Naah! It's Emma-Lou!
Brunhilda?
No, Zelda!
I've heard of padding movies with small-talk-type dialogue, but this is ridiculous!
They sure didn't dress delivery boys that way in my day!
Well, here I am with my sophisticated upper-class facial expression, dressed in a mink coat, doing a silly Debbie Reynolds-type rowing bit out in the middle of Bodego Bay! I'll bet you're all sitting on the edge of your seats waiting for something to happen—like my falling in the water and drowning!
I mean, that was the first big shock in "Psycho"—wasn't it? When Janet Leigh was killed right in the beginning of the picture? Well, no such luck this time, gang! All that happens to me is this big sea gull comes down and bites the top of my head!
Tipsy, you crazy kid! You mean you came all the way out here just to see me!? How did you find out where I lived?
I looked in the "Yellow Pages" under "LOVER"!
This clever repartee is supposed to relieve the unbearable tension!
What unbearable tension?
FLORIDA



What appened to you?
I was attacked in the boat coming over.
By whom?
Sea gull!
Siegel!? Who would ever have thought that nice, quiet Mr. Siegel would attack a strange girl in a boat! Shows you—you never really know your neighbors!
No! No! A sea gull—a bird—swooped down and bit me on top of my head!
Really? So how come you're bleeding on the side of your face?
RECRUITING STATION
You're just a silly, hysterical kid! Now calm down and meet my family. This is my kid sister—and this is my jealous, possessive mother. Folks, this is wealthy Miss Headrinse who intruded on our weekend for the purpose of making a tremendous play for me!
How do you do, Miss Headrinse? Is that ketchup on your face? Such a sloppy girl to come visiting us! I don't like her, son! Send her away!
THERE'S GOING TO BE AN INVASION, I CAN FEEL IT!
That's not ketchup, Mother! That's blood! It's just that in some movies, it looks more like ketchup—nd this movie happens to be one of them! Here—let me help you!
No, son! Don't hug her like that in front of me!
Here! I'll hug her instead!
Mother, PLEASE! I'd rather do it myself!
Roger, let's not argue in front of the new hired hand!
You mean that fat man over there? He looks familiar! Isn't that—? Yes, it is him! He's waiting for all his fans to get a look at him! He's the one from TV and Movies—the one who wants everything he does publicized! All that weird publicity!!
He's coming this way! Wait'll the audience sees him! They'll laugh and gasp in recognition!
Mmmm . . . you're an old crow!
Gee! That was a surprise! I thought it would be—you know—that other fat man we're expecting to see!
Look at those gulls! They're—they're acting strangely! They're diving at us! Those gulls are acting strangely!!
Believe me, you're not doing so well yourself! I've never seen such strange acting in all my life! Run, all of you! Run for the house!
YUK! YUK!
I wonder why they keep going for our heads?
Do you think it has anything to do with those men with the cameras and lights who were putting bread crumbs in our hair before?
Could be! They gave me whole wheat! What did they give you?
Pumpernickel!
MORE AIR COVER!
USS BIRD CARRIER

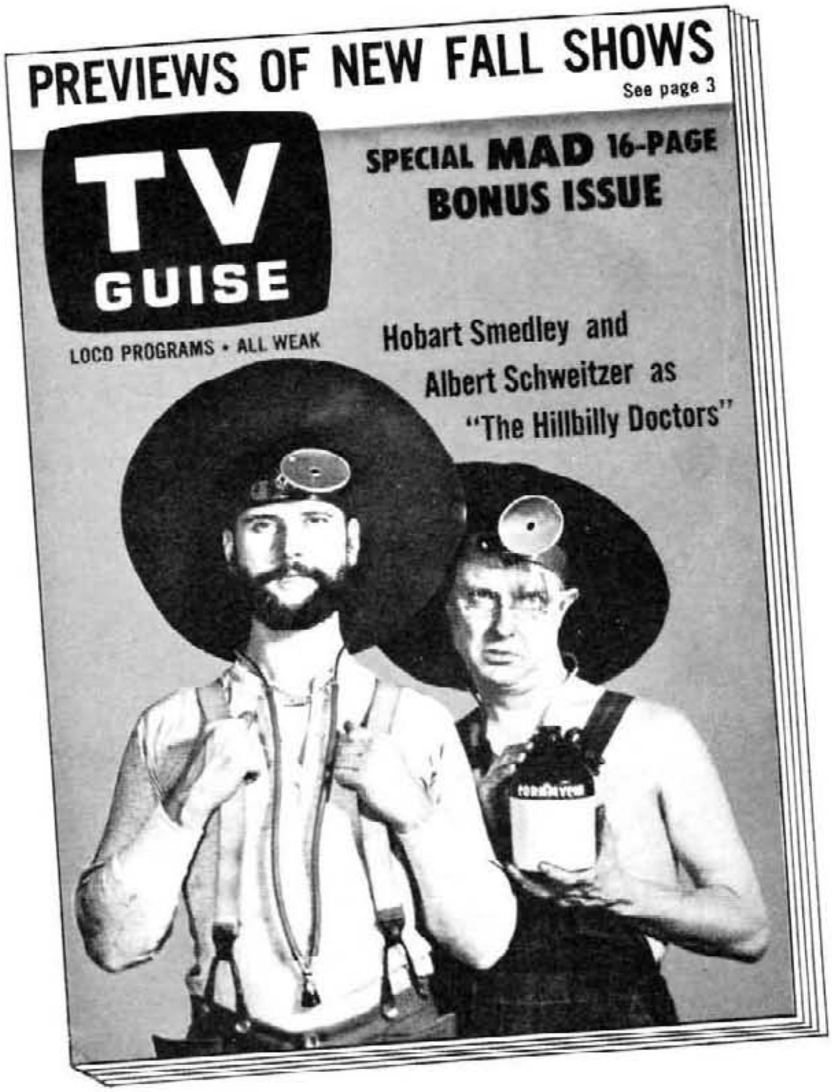

Quick! Everybody into the house!
No-no, son! It's such a small house! There's only room for the three of us! Miss Treadwell will have to find someplace else to hide!
But, mother! Where could she possibly hide?
How about that house over there? I know it's a little cramped and uncomfortable—but in emergencies one must make certain sacrifices!
Don't be ridiculous, mother! That's the bird house!
Oh, never mind! Hop into the car, Tipsy! We'll drive to the Quimbley farm and see if we can get help!
VACANCY
Where's Mr. Quimbley?
He must be upstairs in his room! But wait! Let me tell you what happened here! The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes—when along came a blackbird and pecked off her . . .
Ohh! It's too horrible! I can't look!
I knew it would come to this! I warned him! I guess the birds took all they could stand from him. He was working them too hard. They hated him! Rehearsals for 14 hours a day—day after day—for 8 straight months! And for what? For chicken feed! While he'd get all the money and capitalize on the publicity! It's too bad. He did so well when he was handling humans! He made a mistake when he started getting involved with The Birds!
Was that a eulogy—or a review? Anyway, we've no time to lose! We've got to warn the rest of Bodego Bay about the birds before it is too late!
Good! The Birds haven't disturbed the children in school yet! Look at them—singing innocently in their music class!
Let's all sing like the birdies sing—
Tweet, tweet-tweet, tweet-tweet!
Let's all sing like the birdies sing—
Sweet, sweet-sweet, sweet-sweet!
Let's all warble like nightingales—
Give your throat a treat . . .
A B
Boy, somebody better clue them in on their song selections! They're in for a shock! Well, I'll just sit out here till the end of the period so I won't frighten or panic them unnecessarily!
HE'S PUT ON WEIGHT!
TOO MUCH PEOPLE FOOD, MAN!


CHIRP!
SMOCK! SMOCK! HOW'S YOUR BIRD?
TWEET!
BOY, A FLOCK OF 'EM WENT OVER THAT TIME!
Hmmm! If it continues like this, I may have to warn those children before the period ends!
Now—quietly—without panic—in my calmest tone and utilizing my most subtle acting ability, I will warn the children . . .
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE BIRDS IS COMING TO EAT YOU UP AND KILL YOU! RUN! RUN! THE BIRDS IS COMING!!
MAD
Just one minute! Who do you think you are—barging in here like this—shouting orders in the improper tense! Either the birds ARE coming, or A bird IS coming!!
See for yourself!
THE PLOT THICKENS!
You're right! The birds is coming!!
Run for your lives, kids! IN SIZE PLACE!
What's the matter with you? Now see what you've done! You got yourself killed! Why didn't you run to safety like the others!?
I'm against Civil Defense drills of any kind! I refuse to participate in such idiocy!
Run for your lives! It's the birds!!
Calm down, lady! Tell us what happened!
There was an attack on the school! A teacher was killed!
Aw—it's just those crazy teenage students again! No use getting upset over 'em! Kids will be kids! They'll grow up someday!
SHUT UP AND EAT!
MUMMY-- THAT LADY IS FRIGHTENING ME!
Why don't you believe me? These are birds that are doing the attacking! Wrens, hens, geese, ganders, gulls, mockingbirds! They gather in the sky and wait—as if for some signal! Then they swarm down and attack! It's as if they were following some sort of plot created by a human mind!
Well that's more than you can say about this picture!!
Hey, look! That car is careening madly down the street! Now it's smashing into the gas station pumps! The whole town's gonna blow up!



See! See! What did I tell you?
Lady! That's a car that did that!
Yes, but did you see what kind of car! A THUNDERBIRD!
The birds is coming!
—AND GOOD GRAMMAR IN ADVERTISING HAS WENT!
Well, I'm safe in here! Boy, are those birds anxious to get in here with me! Maybe if I open the door a little, I can make a break for it . . .
Yaaaahhh! No-no! Oh—they're getting in!
TELEPHONE
What are you, crazy?! Pulling a silly college prank like that?! Seeing how many you can crowd into a phone booth?! Boy, you Skidmore-type girls are all alike—making humor out of any unpleasant situation! C'mon! Hop in!
There! I've nailed up every door and boarded up every window! That should do it! Nothing can get in here now!
Eeeeek! Roger! The chimney! Something horrible is coming down the chimney!
The windows! The doors, all boarded up! There was no other way to get in!!
Roger! I demand to know! Why did you lock me out?
I haven't the time to explain, Mother! We have to prepare for another attack! I can sense it coming! Here it is . . . now! IT'S ANOTHER ATTACK!!
It's another asthma attack!! Oh, Mommy, please don't let those awful birdies get me while I'm in this condition!
Mother will take care of her little bubbie! Here . . . drink your milk!
Roger! The birds! They're breaking through the walls, the doors—the roof!
There must be some reason! Some motive! What do they want? More crumbs? Status? Bigger bird baths? It's almost as if some human being were controlling the birds . . . masterminding the attacks . . . wanting revenge for something . . .
That's right! Revenge! And who has a better right to it than me! All those months in Alcatraz, learning, studying, rehearsing—to give a tender, sensitive tear-jerking performance without once gritting my teeth! Don't you think I deserved the Academy Award?
Revenge is right! Now me and my birds are headed south—to Los Angeles! If you think we terrorized your house . . . you should see what we've got lined up for Gregory Peck!!
7454

YOU'LL DIAL LAUGHING



WHEN YOU FOLLOW THE PROGRAMMING IN THIS

MAD

VERSION OF

TV GUISE

containing:

"Previews of New Fall Shows"

A look at the coming junk planned by the TV Networks

*

"Loco Program Listings"

A complete run-down, with capsule descriptions, of all the shows for the weak

*

"TV Teletripe; U.S.A."

Exclusive reports of new idiocies now in the works

plus . . .

*

Absurd Articles About Absurd TV Personalities

*

Ridiculous Publicity Photos

*

Even More Ridiculous Ads



YOU GET THIS FABULOUS 16-PAGE FULL-COLOR BONUS

FREE

IN THE LATEST

MAD ANNUAL NOW ON SALE!



You think you're alone on the highway. Now to test that premium gas you've been paying so much for. You push the pedal to the floor—and then you hear the siren. "Where's the *Fire, Chief?*" sneers the Trooper. And as he writes your ticket, you realize that having "the nearest thing to perfect gasoline" is pretty ridiculous when speed limits won't let you use it!

Trust your car will be stopped by the man who wears the star

STATE TROOPER